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● "... At the turn of the century cities were soon to become alive with moving pictures. The public was interested and intrigued. Men, women and children flocked to see pictures that moved. It was thrilling, exciting—something new under the sun."

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COMMENT

BY WAY OF PROLOGUE

WHY QUADRANT FOR A NAME?

A variety of associations cluster round the word. It is this quarter of the globe we are particularly interested in. . . . As a quarterly, we divide the year's round into four segments. . . . Or you may think of our magazine as an instrument for measuring the altitude—of ideas—or perhaps of brows. . . . Alternatively, there is the quadrant on the steering column of vintage cars, along which the throttle and the spark are adjusted. . . . Or, taking the idea of squareness which is lodged in the word, it is also a sign that we stand squarely by certain principles and values. . . . Or if you are unkind you can suggest that we are attempting the hopeless task of squaring the circle, namely, trying to run an intelligent magazine in Australia on a commercial basis without loss. We think we can do it, though.

The principles and values referred to above are not arbitrarily chosen but the very life and impulse of our venture. They are:

To be Australian in our orientation, quite naturally, because we are interested in this country, its people, its problems, its cultural life, its liberties, and its safety;

To publish work of interest and merit on any topic without regard to the affiliations or repute of the author, the sole requirement being that the material should be worth reading;

To be guided, when an editorial attitude is called for with regard to questions of civil liberty or public standards, by the principles underlying the parliamentary institutions of this country and the Common Law—than which we know no better school of freedom and civility and prudence, in the old high sense of those words; for to be a good Australian is to be a local variety of that 'free and lawful man', the traditional ideal of Western civilization.

Our aims and hopes may perhaps be further illuminated by making clear some of the things we do *not* intend to do or be:

We shall never, we hope, confuse an Australian regionalism and proper pride with the ugly nineteenth-century vice of cultural nationalism, which imposes 'Australianity' as an anti-intellectual criterion, limiting the scope of the mind and serving only as a means of giving a false value to mediocrity. We shall try to be up-to-date, lively, and receptive, without the superficial cultivation of mere *chic*, intellectual or aesthetic; and without feeling obliged to grovel before a decayed *avant-garde* mentality which is actually living in the past.

We shall try to be liberal and progressive, without falling into the delusion that to be liberal and progressive means to rehearse with childish obstinacy the rituals of a sentimental and neurotic leftism. We shall remain suspicious of the idea that the totalitarian Beast from the Abyss is really a big woolly bear which the little men who have had a busy day in this country can safely cuddle as they sink into the dreamland of Peaceful Co-existence.

In spite of all that can be said against our age, what a moment it is to be alive in! What an epoch for a magazine to emerge in!

In November 1955, two scientists at Berkeley synthesized from inert chemical compounds a virus—a substance classed as living matter. For some time past we have had self-adjusting machines conducting complex operations which were previously possible, if at all, only through the electrical system of the human brain. Automation and nuclear power are launching us into a second industrial revolution whose consequences are incalculable.

At the same time this is the first age in which all men exist in a single inter-communicating world. In our language there now exist accurate expositions of the religions, philosophies and social systems of civilized and uncivilized communities which even in the last century were the subject of crude misunderstandings and fragmentary knowledge. And beyond all these different cultures we glimpse the problem of a truly universal free intellectual order in which all can participate.

Even our difficulties and dangers are an invigorating challenge if we do not lose our nerve. Every menace and risk is at the same time a privilege, and an opportunity—so long as we live, as Ortega y Gasset put it, 'at the height of our time', and not in a careless or resentful mediocrity.

There is a thoroughgoing crisis in social relations. The very notion of authority has been treated with the acids of modern criticism. In the name of liberty and justice unheard-of demands are being made on society, and made as if they were a matter of course. Sexual relations, marriage, and the family have become a field for revolutionary demands and fantasies. The idea of happiness has been rendered largely unintelligible; and personal life is being invaded more and more with anxiety, mental illness, psychosomatic disorders, and moral delirium.

Economic development in this country is poised on critical issues. How is rural development to be undertaken, and with what relation to urban development? Can we keep abreast of technological innovations so as to develop strength even while remaining a small nation? Can we overcome the tendency to huge urban agglomerations and decentralize our economy?

In internal politics, mass democracy is undergoing a rapid inner evolution. The parliamentary process has lost some of its former significance as the party system has developed, and as systematic administrative controls and planning are demanded. In labour democracy fissures have opened up which make it unlikely that the old combination of diverse radicals, reformers, utopians, Christians, secularists, crooks, opportunists and totalitarians can be restored. Faith in Democratic Socialism has died almost overnight, leaving a word which is used only for sentimental rhetoric or as a false front in factional manoeuvres. Meanwhile, in external politics, the ending of colonialism has brought about the fragmentation of the free world and the *reductio ad absurdum* of nationalism.

In the arts, the modernism which for several decades seemed to be leading us out of the slums of dingy naturalism and decayed romanticism seems almost bankrupt: we see that after all it was mostly a last writhing, under various disguises, of the naturalistic and romantic traditions it pretended to attack.

In many minds there is a profound spiritual crisis. The well-lit hygienic structure of secularist and hedonist enlightenment has been secretly undermined by ungrateful inmates, who are escaping, some towards the materialist religion of Communism, others towards various eastern-tinted religiosities, mysticities and gnostic lures, others towards a resurgent Christianity.

All this goes on under the threat, not only of obliteration by nuclear warfare, but also of the advance to world domination of Communism. Suddenly this one huge glaring visage, this enormous mask made of blood and lies, starts up above the horizon and dominates the landscape, a figure of judgment speaking to each person in a different tone or tongue, but with the same question: And what do you think about *me*? Then indeed we hear the ghosts of rhetorical humanisms, academic positivisms, and progressive illuminisms (whose frightening heir and fulfilment Communism is) squeak and gibber in the streets, imploring us to maintain the most rigorous neutrality as between the 'warring fanaticisms' of right and wrong, truth and falsity, liberty and slavery, honour and dishonour, resistance and submission. But events whirl these ghosts resistlessly around and away, like dead leaves in the gale.

Truly an exhilarating time!—on condition that we have relevant principles worth living and dying for, and are not unnerved by the lightnings and thunders, the whispers and temptations, the beatings and brainwashings . . . or by the rustle of dead leaves. . . .

WALTER DE LA MARE

by

Rosemary Dobson

Forever locked against the cold,
Proof to assaulting winter's rage
Or Time's chill hand that pries and seeks,
Clear in its candle calm your poem
Burns still upon the page.

Out of your hundreds any one
Of musk, dew, rose, bird, tree,
And behind all of these Life, Death,
Sadness, and loveliness, regret,
Music, and memory.

Sweep thy faint strings, Musician,
Chill grows our fading star
And darkening shadows gather
About Earth's troubled children,
Lost, exiled, far—

Far from the haunts of Eden,
That country where you live
In words whose silent music
Tells us, though we deny them
Beauty and Love forgive.

JAMES COOK, SEAMAN

Alan Villiers

IN AUSTRALIA, we look upon Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S., as a remarkable man, not only as the British seaman who put Australia finally on the world map where the island continent should be. But I wonder whether we really appreciate just how remarkable a man he was. He virtually established the modern science of hydrography. After he had sailed the Pacific, nothing remained but to fill in knowledge in odd corners: yet scores of other 'discoverers' had sailed those seas before Cook ever had the chance to think of going there. He kept sickness in check at sea over long voyages in ill-found and ill-equipped ships (by modern standards) in a way that had never been achieved before, and has not been maintained always since. His is one of the few real success stories, one of the all-too-few cases where the right man turned up at the right time, was chosen, and being chosen, was given the chance really to show what he could do.

Yet, at the time of his appointment to command the great expedition which led to his unrolling the map of Australia, he was not even a commissioned naval officer. Outside the Navy and the port of Whitby, he was not known at all. Inside the Navy he was well known only to a few surveyor-specialists and a handful of senior officers who knew an outstanding sailing master when they saw one, and had had the good fortune to employ him. His only command, in the Navy, had been a small schooner. His entire sea career had hitherto been spent in two restricted spheres—the North Sea in Whitby colliers, and the North Atlantic station in the Royal Navy. He was known as a first-rate seaman, but so were a thousand other sailing masters. What specialist knowledge he had gained—such as in surveying—he had given himself, for he was a man of little education and no advantages other than those of his own merit.

James Cook, indeed, had gone to sea curiously late in life, at a time when it was customary for seafarers to follow that calling from childhood. He was at least seventeen, and perhaps eighteen years old, when he was bound apprentice to the Walker ships of Whitby. This was in 1746. What could have induced him to remain for over a year in the employment of a petty storekeeper in the bleak little hole of Staithes it is difficult to say, unless it was the wishes of his parents. His father had done his best to provide the lad with some education, and if he was opposed to

the idea of so able a youth going to sea, there was reason for the opposition. In those days and for a century afterwards, drowning was accepted as the common end of a seaman's life. The Merchant Service and the Navy alike offered an early death from either disease or drowning, and it was unusual for a poor boy to find much advancement in either profession.

At Staithes young Cook knew direct contact with the sea, for the winter sprays break over the roadway by the Cod and Lobster public house, in front of the Sanderson store, and the harbour is open to the north-east. It is a small place, a sort of hole in the Yorkshire coast at the seaward end of a valley, hemmed in by heavy cliffs. Easterly and north-easterly weather, common in the winter, bring an awful sea breaking on those cliffs and rushing right into the harbour. At such times the local fishermen were in the habit of standing-by, ready to launch their cobles to go to the aid of sailing vessels in distress, and Cook must many a time have joined one of the weather-beaten groups watching the progress of hardpressed ships in the North Sea so close outside, watching to see if they cleared the headlands and were not dashed ashore. The coast was a wild one, and in the days of small sailing ships, there were many casualties. After a year or so in such a place, a grocer's assistant who wanted to change the shop for the ships would know what he was doing.

If he had deliberately set out to fit himself for a career as an explorer whose function it would be to sail small square-rigged ships to the farthest ends of the earth—as of course he could not—then he could have chosen no better apprenticeship than the hard North Sea trade. Entering in that trade, it is doubtful whether he could have found better owners than the Walkers of Whitby. The Walkers were Quakers who took an interest in their seamen, especially in their apprentices. They kept their ships up well. They had their own rigging loft, sail loft, and spar yard. Like most other shipowners of the times, they did their own maintenance and their own major repairs, and their apprentice seamen were the labour force in these employments. Their coasting ships were laid up in the winter months and given a major refit. An apprentice in such a trade learned his work thoroughly, if he took any interest in it at all. If he took no interest, he would soon find himself seeking work elsewhere.

The Walker ships were small square-rigged ships, brigs and barks. The barks were square-rigged on all three masts but, being small ships, they carried no topgallant mast on the mizzen. A big, deep square topsail was set on a tall topmast, and they could set below it either a spanker or a crossjack, or both.

In either brig or bark the life was one of almost incredible severity. The amount of physical hardship which was accepted then as a commonplace necessity in the seafaring life, is now almost unbelievable. Although most of the Walker vessels were in the coastal coal trade, the accomplishment of each voyage was a considerable achievement. Ships loaded the maximum that could possibly be stowed aboard them and, all too often, kept the seas long after their useful careers should properly have been ended. They were manned with minimum crews who worked at least a twelve-hour day under conditions of great hardship. The ships leaked and frequently opened their seams and even their decks, and every severe onshore gale strewed the east coast of England with their broken hulls. Living quarters were wet, ill-ventilated, and without head-room. Food was coarse, and often inadequate. Conditions ashore were also harsh, and the seaman did not regard himself as especially ill-treated. He took an intense pride in his calling and, in the coastal trade, there were committees of his fellows who passed judgment on his competence. These seamen's 'boards' could be more ruthless than any present-day Ministry of Transport examiner. The active seafarer under sail was well aware of the importance of a thorough knowledge of his profession, both in himself and in his shipmates.

Cook's practical training was comprehensive and thorough. It is typical of the man that, at that stage, he did not seek service in long-voyage ships. He did not sail in any such ships during his time in the Merchant Service. It seems almost as if he realized that his North Sea training was the best there was. In some ways, deepsea ships offered an easier life, for, once away from the land, they usually enjoyed long periods of good weather. There was no assurance of *any* good weather in the North Sea coastal trade, and though the ships did lay-up over the winter months, it was a short lay-up, forced on them by the need for periodic refits even more than by the bad weather. A small wooden ship whose motive power consisted of a number of sails supported from wooden masts and yards, the whole held aloft and controlled by a complicated and exceedingly expendable array of cordage, required a deal of upkeep both aloft and below.

An apprentice then was essentially a crew member: there was none of the 'brassbounder' atmosphere with the alleged apprentices either kept to the dirty work, or the time-keeping, and a seaman who served in the small crews of such ships had to be supremely competent. He was master of the three ancient aspects of his calling—to hand, reef, and steer. His duties included

a share in the sailing of the ship, the actual 'handing' of her canvas and cordage as necessary for the progress and the safety of the vessel, and also steering both by the wind and by the compass, by night and by day, in fair weather and in foul; using the leadline, heaving the logline, keeping his turn at the lookout, keeping his quarters clean, assisting in port with the berthing of the vessel, her stowage, and the working of her cargo—or ballast—in and out; warping or kedging the ship up and down rivers, and working her in tidal waters and in estuaries; and being at all times ready, fit and competent to cope immediately with any accident that might happen. He had to acquire the instinct to do the right thing at the right time; he was a member of a small band of brothers whose livelihood and very hope of survival lay in the complete ability of them all to work as an effective team, and as competent and level-headed individuals. No wonder the seamen's committees insisted on rigorous standards of professional ability!

An apprentice then in the short sea trades was an apprentice to the ancient sailing art, the calling of the seaman. He was not necessarily an embryo officer. Advancement to positions of authority was by selection on the basis of character and personal competence, as shown consistently in the ship at sea. It could not, in the Merchant Service of those days, be assured by the mere acquisition of a certificate granted after examination ashore and approval by bureaucratic regulations. A seaman became an able seaman by gaining the acceptance of his fellows: he rose to command them by force of character and the proven qualities of leadership as shown at sea. There were no certificates of competency. All that was to come.

Cook had to wait nine years before he was offered a command. After his apprenticeship had been served, and served well, he had to spend a further two years as able seaman in the *Three Brothers* and the *Maria* before being selected as mate. Cook went to sea in 1746. He sailed in the *Freelove*, *Three Brothers*, *Maria* and the *Friendship*, all small vessels. In 1755 he was offered command of the *Friendship*, and it is a tribute to his qualities as a seaman and as a natural leader, that his advancement should have been so rapid. He was quite without influence or money. Family influence could be important, in those days, in procuring selection as shipmaster. A shipmaster in the Merchant Service was often also the business manager of his ship at ports other than her home port. He had to be a man of known integrity, and some sort of financial interest in his command was regarded as an asset.

One other thing James Cook learned in abundant measure from his nine years in the North Sea trade. He learned not to be afraid of the land. A mariner trained in deepsea ships might easily acquire a dread of working ship near the land. It was the land which caused the loss of most sailing ships, not the accidents of the sea. Being driven on a lee shore, getting on a sandbank, or rocks, or shoals—these were the ever-present dangers of coastwise sailing. In the Whitby ships, these risks had to be taken. Every voyage, every passage they made, had to be made in the face of the constant dangers of the North Sea banks, the difficult and treacherous approaches to the Thames, the appalling ability of the grey North Sea to rise in anger and do a devilish best to drive ships upon the English coast.

James Cook knew the risks very well, and he knew how to cope with them—by the expert and continuous maintenance of his vessel, by the exercise at *all* times of good judgment, iron resolution, and expert seamanship. Beating down inside the banks deeply laden with Northumbrian coals, gaining a discharging berth before a rival in the crowded Thames—by the use of subterfuges such as the muffled windlass when the anchor was raised, tiding in by night, above all by fearless seamanship which knew how to take risks and when not to take them, to get the last possible inch of advance from a square-rigged ship while the tide served—these were the stuff of the sailing-ship sailor, brought up upon the wild North Sea. In a well-found ship, no combination of dangers could find him unprepared, or unwilling and unable to fight back with all the resources that he had. It was the most splendid training for seamen that could have been devised.

In all this, practical astronomical navigation could have no place, and it is probable that Cook had no practice in that art until he chose to leave the Merchant Service to join the R.N. He was a seaman first, and a navigator and a surveyor afterwards. A shipmaster in the North Sea trade had little occasion to fix the position of his ship by means other than those traditionally used by short-voyage seamen—his eye and his personal knowledge, supplemented by the leadline.

When in 1755 the Walkers of Whitby offered Cook command of one of their larger ships, it was a splendid offer. Command of a Whitby ship was by no means a dead-end. The way was wide open for a competent man, possessed of integrity and drive, to rise to part-ownership and thence to ownership and wealth. Cook had the qualities and could have so risen. He was doubtless well aware of these things, for there is evidence that the Walkers

trusted him and advised him, to the best of their ability. In Whitby, even two centuries after Cook had sailed out of the Yorkshire port, there is still a local tradition of the tall studious mariner who had been a favourite with his owners, encouraged to increase his knowledge, and marked for early advancement.

Exactly why the young man, on the threshold of a prosperous and respected career, chose to turn his back upon the whole thing has been argued over for years. At a time when most men had either to be pressed into it or born into it, Cook chose to join the Royal Navy, of his own free will. With a Merchant Service command, he was himself free from the molestations of the press-gang. He could not join the Navy, desperate as it was for men, for petty officers and for officers, as anything other than able seaman, and it must have been hard for a man, accustomed to the comparative freedom of a merchant ship and the responsibility of an authoritative position abaft the mast, to accept life as a foremast hand on the crowded, dirty, and disease-ridden mess-decks of a man-o'-war. But Cook knew what he was doing. It seems unlikely that he would have taken such a step without good advice. In 1755, the Royal Navy was going through one of its many periods of hasty build-up. The Seven Years War was about to begin, and the Navy had to have men. Among the riff-raff, the drunken, the debauched and the hopelessly incompetent brought in by the press-gang, a seaman such as Cook stood out like the Wolf Rock lighthouse. Head and shoulders physically above his fellow recruits, he was far above them mentally too. His advancement in the Navy was rapid. Within a month he was appointed Master's Mate of the sixty-gun *Eagle*.

By joining the Navy, Cook showed himself a great adventurer in the true sense of that word. Whether or not he felt assured of advancement, he had first to accept a degree of unnecessary hardship which must have been at least irksome to a merchant seaman. The hardships he had previously known—and they were many—had one redeeming quality. They were regarded as strictly necessary. It must have been obvious to the clear-headed Cook that much of the dirt, disease, and poor discipline on the mess-deck of the King's ships could be avoided.

Cook did not remain a Master's Mate for long. A Master, in the days of the sailing navy, was a senior and highly experienced seaman who had charge of the practical working of the ship and the care of her spars and rigging. This was an important responsibility, and he had mates to assist him. A ship of war had to be an effective fighting machine, but she had to be an efficient sailing ship first. It was the function of the Master and his mates

to keep her so, and Cook must have been in his element. It is not surprising that he was marked for early advancement. It was a piece of gratuitous good fortune that brought Captain Hugh Palliser—afterwards Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser—to command the *Eagle* while Cook was there. It was deserved good fortune. Palliser realized the exceptional qualities of his petty officer (and showed his own by his perception). Cook was promoted to Master. The direct cause of his promotion was a piece of salvage and expert seamanship in towing a captured French East Indiaman to port. Cook received his warrant as Master of the *Solebay* in June 1757, within two years of enlisting in the Navy.

The Master's position was important and his career assured, but it was not a commissioned appointment and, for any lesser man, could have been a dead-end. It was a fact well appreciated in the Navy that merchant seamen made good master's mates and masters, but, very often, that was as far as they got. But Mr Cook, Master of H.M.S. *Pembroke*, 60-guns, was soon distinguishing himself by surveying the approaches to Quebec, in order that Admiral Saunders might safely bring the big ships up the St Lawrence to a position within striking distance of the town. The French had removed the marks, by which their ships had been able to make the difficult ascent of the river. It was Cook's job to make such a survey, and to master the pilotage so thoroughly, that a fleet of large ships could safely be brought to the assault landing. It was a responsible assignment which he carried out with splendid efficiency. Once again, he came to the favourable attention of his senior officers and soon afterwards, Cook was Master of the flagship on the station. The *Northumberland* was much employed in the waters of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and Cook lost no opportunity of making further surveys of harbours, roadsteads, and bays in the area. In the bad winter weather the *Northumberland* usually secured at Halifax. Here Cook spent all the time he could in improving his knowledge of higher mathematics and the science of astronomical navigation as it was then understood.

Before long, he was making valuable surveys of the coast of Newfoundland, at first from the flagship and later, with a special appointment as King's Surveyor, in command of a little surveying schooner called the *Grànville*. An accurate and thorough survey of the coast of Newfoundland had long been necessary, for the place abounded with navigational dangers. The weather was often bad, and the conditions for a small schooner were arduous. Properly to carry out his duties, Cook had to take serious risks: once again the experience he was gaining was invaluable and

well-nigh unique. The thorough seaman soon became the competent surveyor, and was rapidly developing into the accomplished navigator. While engaged on his Newfoundland surveys, an eclipse of the sun gave him the opportunity of making a series of special observations which became the basis for a paper to the Royal Society, where his efforts were properly commended. While he commanded the schooner *Granville* on this Newfoundland survey, Cook usually sailed home in the winters—when surveying was impossible—to do the paper-work, which was extensive. The charts he made then from his surveys are still the basis of those currently used for that area.

The years passed. Cook reached the age of forty, still a warrant officer, still surveying, still steadily increasing not only the seaman's knowledge of a dangerous coast but his own knowledge, abilities, and fitness as a seaman, a leader, a surveyor and a navigator. James Cook was already a remarkable man.

In the meantime, Commodore Byron had flitted across the Pacific in the swift frigate *Dolphin* and had achieved very little. Wallis had followed him, in the same ship and, apart from the discovery of Tahiti, had achieved little more. The redoubtable Carteret had been harassed almost to death by the appalling unsuitability of the sloop which had grudgingly been allotted to him. But at last the Admiralty had decided to send a real expedition to the vast South Seas. The occasion was ostensibly the Royal Society's expedition to observe the transit of the planet Venus, which could best be done from an island in the South Seas such as Wallis's newly-discovered Tahiti. For years Dalrymple and others had been pressing their theory of the existence of a great southern continent, *Terra Australis*, ranging from New Guinea or New Zealand towards Tierra del Fuego or the Diego Ramirez rocks by Cape Horn. If there were such a continent, it behoved the dominant power in the Indian Ocean at least to know about it. The expedition to observe the transit of Venus gave an admirable opportunity for a good seaman to sail about the great South Pacific Ocean and to examine thoroughly the theory of the southern continent. Byron and the rest—and Magellan and the Hollanders before them—had all struggled northwards from the regions of Cape Horn as quickly as they could, got their ships into the belt of the S.E. trade wind where westing was easily made, and stayed there. All except Carteret had made this sort of voyage, and Carteret's good efforts had been brought to very little by his decrepit ship, his abandonment by Wallis in the Straits of Magellan, and the disease among his crew.

It was left to a plain Yorkshire seaman, a man trained in the grim collier brigs of the cold North Sea, a man who had risen from the lowest obscurity, at last to sail the Pacific Ocean, and make known what was really there, and what was not. The choice of James Cook (promoted hastily to the rank of Lieutenant, R.N.) to command H.M. Bark *Endeavour*—or H.M. Ship *Endeavour* Bark—seems now an obvious one. It was probably Palliser who was influential in the choice. There could have been no better, and Lieutenant Cook proceeded at once to show how long-distance exploratory voyages really should be conducted.

Cook took command of the *Endeavour*—a Whitby ship, and therefore of a type thoroughly familiar to him—at Deptford in May 1768. He sailed from Plymouth on 26 August, in a ship with a waterline length of 100 feet, with 94 persons aboard—some of them wished on him and useless to the vessel—bound round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan as he might choose, towards Tahiti in the first instance, and also to clear up the mystery of *Terra Australis*, once for all. It *was* a great adventure: but it was such an enterprise as would have appalled the ordinary warrant officer, and most commissioned officers as well. It was a voyage that only a man who combined the qualities of seaman-navigator and leader to the degree of genius could hope to undertake and being to a full measure of success. It was, above all, a voyage for a consummate seaman.

Look at what Cook did, from a seaman's point of view, that great first voyage. He took a small Whitby ship—his choice of such a ship shows what a seaman he was—through the Atlantic, to the west'ard round the Horn, and on into the South Pacific, making much of his westing not in the pleasant tropic zone, where the wind was fair and the weather good, but in the forties where the wind was against him and the weather generally anything but good. His instructions enjoined him to search for the southern continent, but it was not long before the signs of the sea brought home to him that wherever else such a continent might be—if anywhere—it was not in the Roaring Forties of the Pacific Ocean. Nonetheless he persisted, and his persistence led to clearing up the mysteries of New Zealand (which Tasman, after a hasty look, had thought might be the north-western tip of the continent) and discovering the east coast of Australia. Look at his seamanlike rounding of the Horn—a passage which had worried many navigators before him and was notorious in the Navy because of Anson's trials there. Yet down went Cook with his Whitby bark; he slips through the Straits of Le Maire between Staten Island and the Patagonian coast, is completely

unafraid to close with the land when and where he feels like it, sails boldly into half-a-dozen anchorages, and weathers the dreadful Cape in a matter of days.

That westward passage of the Horn was then, and was to remain while the ocean-going sailing ship existed, the most difficult and the most dreaded of all that a square-rigged ship was required to make, anywhere. Its advantage over the Straits of Magellan, for a west-bound ship, was that at least it offered open water. Once through the Straits of Le Maire (though desirable, it was not strictly necessary to go that way) a ship had only to keep clear of the Diego Ramirez rocks and away from the Horn itself, and she would have all the open water she wanted, to fight in—hundreds and hundreds of miles of it. In the Straits of Magellan the passage was often narrow, with foul ground and poor anchorages, and frequent heavy squalls howled down the mountain-sides to harass ships. Cook chose Cape Horn and Cook was right. Cook chose to go through the Straits of le Maire, to steal a march on the westerly gales, and Cook was right. His good seaman's sense, acquired painfully from the North Sea apprenticeship and sharpened in many a Newfoundland fog and gale, indicated to him that the best way to weather Cape Horn was to sail down, on the Atlantic side, as close in to the Patagonian coast as he safely could. His familiarity with pilotage enabled him to do this without fear; and that innate ability to take every possible advantage of every chance to advance, which was the collier-man's sixth sense, was of great service. Many men were to round the Horn to the west'ard after Cook. None was to discover a better way.

The feat was typical of the man. His subsequent voyage is history. His following two great voyages are equally immortal. After Cook, it remained merely to follow up, to develop and exploit. He was the first seaman with courage enough boldly to approach the unknown eastern coast of New Holland from the Pacific side, and to navigate the length of the Coral Sea. He found the Great Barrier Reef, and defeated that too. He found a way through Torres Strait, and sailed boldly through. Where others had seen odd beaches of Western Australia as wretched pieces of sand, Cook came upon the real Australia.

He succeeded where others had failed because, first and foremost, he was a truly great seaman and humanitarian, and he had in abundance those great North Country qualities of character, courage, and integrity.

Alan Villiers

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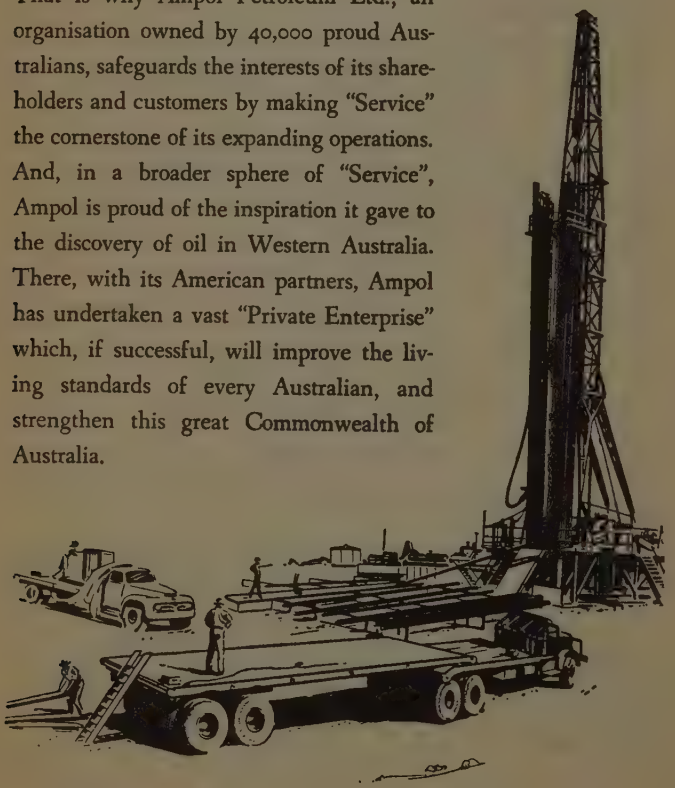

THE GAME

Bernard Hesling

ONCE when I was about 10 years old, I got mixed up in a mystery. I mention this because in spite of all the mystery retailed on bookstalls plus the fantastic notion that Truth is stranger than fiction, Real Mystery, the Thrill of Hot Blood and the Chill of Cold Bones, enters the lives of very few folks. My little mystery began with a game. It was such a silly game that at the risk of today's children reading this and starting the sport all over again (for I am fairly sure they don't play it now) it must be described in some detail.

The rules were lax, but for players you took, on the one hand, as many children as would otherwise hang around a street corner, and on the other one male adult.

The object of the game was simply for the children to so bait the adult that he would give chase, but here the real crux of the sport presented itself, for if the adult was in bad condition he might tire of the chase, and thus an evening could be ruined. On the other hand a man in top nick might catch somebody and that wouldn't be so good either.

It was quite possible, of course, and would be even now, to get some sort of crude response from almost any material: a pebble flung behind the ear or a half brick hurled with an accompanying oath would galvanize most men. This, though, wasn't the aim of us urchin picadors: we sought a response that could be controlled—a bull, who would not only paw the ground, but would step conveniently first this way and then that way throughout an entire long summer evening.

Our favourite adult player in the game was a monumental mason called Asa Palfreyman. Asa lived on the outskirts of our district, and better so, for there was less chance of his coming across any of us when we weren't properly organized.

The Palfreyman home was at the end of a long garden and this was important too; for if running was a feature of our sport, so was the matter of start, and as Asa's yard, especially near the road, was dotted with blocks of stone and granite, with additional hurdles in the shape of sample tombstones, we had start in plenty. The method of commencing the chase was easy. All we had to do was to lay hold of Clarrie Palfreyman.

We had nowt against young Clarrie, unless it was his daft name, but once we'd tracked him down—and he was usually

to be found playing at cemeteries with the left-over chips of marble—a clout over the ear, heavy enough to draw sizeable screams and his father was out of the house like relatives after a lottery winner.

'Watcher doin'?'

'Yah! Yah!' we yelled in chorus, for this was our cue, 'Yah! Yah! Ole Palfreyman!'

'You cheeky monkeys, I'll belt yer. . . .'

'Yah! Yah!'

'Lemme catch you. . . .'

'You couldn't catch pussy.'

Mr Palfreyman was usually wound up by this, if not, an odd stone could be flung at him. When suitably wound he would remove his belt. This was the signal for us to scatter, for with a buckled weapon in one hand, even though he must hold up his trousers with the other, he was both swift and accurate in aim.

With Palfreyman in chase we had a set route . . . the first half mile lay up a steep hill and by the time we'd reached the top of it 'Palf', hot on our heels, was in need of refreshment.

Ten minutes we allowed him for this, but if he wasn't out of 'The Crown' in the required time the fleetest of foot must stand at the door and holler into the bar at him; for to cover the prescribed route by half-past-ten, the time our parents would be looking for us, you had to keep Palfreyman to a strict schedule.

Refreshed, our pursuer lasted (although with less swinging of the belt now) as far as the tram terminus. This was half way and in the last house before the moors lived his brother; so while old Palf leant puffing on the gate talking gardening with his brother Stan, we repaired to the chip shop. Now, although this sounds all very prearranged and conducted as if the whip were in our hands and not the other way around, it must not be thought that fear, or even terror were absent. We knew our Palfreyman as a matador knows his bull, and the fear we felt for him we wouldn't have missed, for it gave us appetite. At the same time one false move, a fall, a lost clog, and he was on you, the belt flew like a flail; indeed, the only thing that saved you from the hospital was that no whirlwind however competent, can long hold a lad with one hand and wield a belt with the other without his trousers falling. In the homeward half of the chase however, the chance of Asa catching you was slight. For one reason, it was accomplished in a single spurt and that downhill. Also—and this was a major handicap—Asa rarely left his brother's without a cutting, some seedlings, or even a geranium in a pot and no wild bull, however fierce, can travel fast hugging a pot.

On and off and mostly in summer we baited Asa for a couple of years. In time we would, I think, have wearied of plaguing a man as obviously soft in the head; we would have changed, for as with spinning tops, hopscotch, or tapping on windows, we would have grown out of Asa; but the fact that Asa could grow out of us came as a blow.

'What's wrong with Asa?' we found ourselves saying. 'What's gotten into him?' we asked his lad.

Young Clarrie, suspicious as ever, fled at the very sight of us, and if pursued could offer nothing.

'Doesn't your dad like us any more? Is he poorly?—Ah! stop your roaring, will you?'

And roaring certainly did no good, for even if a changed and lackadaisical Asa came out of the house, which he might after a time, it wasn't to chase us.

'Looks like he's getting a new hobby,' remarked Jess Rogers, as we were squatting on a block of granite just within enemy territory one evening.

'Ay!' said Alf Foster. 'And we're the mugs for helping him to start it.'

The hobby referred to was gardening; Asa had always an interest in his plot, but now with all his brother's cuttings sprouting up and all yond things in heavy pots that had helped in past summers to ruin our sport, the whole place was becoming a proper jungle.

Finally we gave up worrying him; his lad for one thing (never one of the gang) was suddenly not about any more.

'His mother's took him.'

'Took him where?'

'Oh! Over Otley way,' was the general verdict.

Velma Palfreyman we knew was no better than she should be. The very fact that our mothers who didn't know her spoke of her as Velma and not as Mrs P. showed this. Our knowledge of course, although not exact, was none the less conclusive, for nobody whispered about *decent* folks, certainly not whispers that included milkmen as distinct from milk.

'It seems Asa Palfreyman's turning religious,' said my brother Ben one Sunday.'I saw him coming out of St Luke's.'

'They've always had a pew,' said mother. 'Before Velma's time he was a sidesman.'

'Ay, but they've started to use it, at least Asa has,' said Ben.

Seeing Asa Palfreyman outside St Luke's, even an Asa so bent with piety that provided I wasn't stretched on the ground he wouldn't have seen me, had none the less given me quite a

shock. The width of a church gate was nowhere near as far as I'd like to have been from Asa and although admittedly he wasn't wearing his belt, and also it was Sunday, still someone who'd plagued him as much as I had could expect no truce.

'I thought our Ernie here, had seen a ghost when Asa Palfreyman came through the door,' said Ben. 'For that matter I felt a bit scared myself.'

'What, Ben,' I said, 'did Asa chase you then?'

'Me! he was always chasing lads, and his father too before they locked him up in Menston.'

It must have been all of two years before Asa became interesting to us again. We were bigger now, quite grown up, and would certainly not have been keen on the game even if Asa were. We were sitting, four of us, one night on Asa's wall, not plaguing him, just reading the inscriptions on his stones and taking the air. Actually Asa's property had changed during the year. There was always a high stone wall running along both sides of the garden from the road to the house, but in front, down at the pavement end where the chiselling took place, the low wall on which we now sat was formerly the only barrier.

'Looks like old Asa's been making some changes,' remarked Jess Rogers, interested in the paling fence that now ran from wall to wall making an enclosed garden behind the gravestones.

'I wonder what he's up to behind yond?' said Alf Foster.

There was only one thing to do and that was find out.

It wasn't a very high fence, though spiked on top. There was a gate in it matching the rest and one foot in the padlock chain of this and I was high enough to take stock.

'No wonder t' barricades are up.'

'What's up? What is it?' asked the lads below.

'Apples, pears, ay, and goosegobs, big red uns. He's got a proper harvest festival.'

'Let's have a look?'

'Hold on a minute,' I said, for suddenly the dappled shadow of a bush convulsed and I found myself looking into the eyes of a dog—a quiet-moving but very businesslike dog—one who wasted no time in yapping, but sat on his mean tail making a noise as if he were sharpening teeth in readiness.

'What's yond?'

'Dog—bull terrier,' I said. 'We wouldn't be worth tuppence in there.'

One at a time the gang peeped over, noted the dog, the goosegobs, the apples and pears and old Asa watering roses up by the house. It was a shame about those goosegobs certainly,

but then no-one in Bramfield in their right mind ever planted things to eat without rigging up an obstacle.

Now I don't suppose for one moment I'd have given that garden another thought if our Ben's dog Nigger hadn't swallowed a rabbit bone, and when he took him to the Vet's who should be there, large as life and in very bad fettle, but Asa Palfreyman. What it was all about Ben had only the sketchiest notion. The row involved a dog, a bull terrier that must be kept at the Vet's over night while something or other was done to it. Ben didn't see the dog, he didn't see Asa front view, only from behind as he was arguing with the Vet.

'He seemed barmy,' said Ben. 'He's only going to be away tonight and who wants to pinch his tombstones anyway? The Vet said why didn't he go next week if he's so set on having the place guarded but apparently it's a conference. He's off to Liverpool on t' night train. Tomorrow they're demonstrating some stone sawing gadget.'

Ben, of course, knew nothing of the gooseberries, the apples and all the other things a man might find, given chance to have a good look round. He wouldn't also, had he known, have seen that Asa was risking very much, and Asa wasn't risking much, nothing, that is, if I hadn't have known about it. My standing with the gang at this time wasn't particularly high. The fact that I had gone the long way round a big field with a bull in it wouldn't have been so bad if the bull hadn't turned out to be a cow, but at the moment I was almost written off as a man of no discernment. Why! If I could get a bag of yond goosegobs and a shirtful of sour apples and under—for all they knew—the nose of Asa and his tyke, I'd be properly set up again.

It was no particular feat to sneak out of our house in the night. I took a stocking for the goosegobs and wore Ben's leather jacket because it had big pockets and also it was nice and stiff and when folded made a pad for laying on top of the spiked gate.

Once within the garden, apart from not being able to see very well, it was all quite easy. I ripped my hands on thorns, but I picked the fruit, even ate some of the ripest berries. It was silly to go without a good look around, perhaps up by the house there'd be something rare like a pomegranate tree, or behind yond bushes. Ay, it was just the place to conceal a greenhouse or a potting shed.

Closer inspection however, proved disappointing. It was merely a cultivated space, between the moss-grown windowless side of the house and the backs of a clump of rhododendrons. The dog's kennel which I found by stubbing my toe on his drinking

bowl, was tucked half under the bushes near the only entrance. Before moving on to explore the back of the house I sat for a moment on a stone bench in this small clearing. It was a mild night, the clouds were folded back and a thin sliver of moon, helped out by a sprinkling of stars, provided sufficient light to dispel the fear of total darkness. It was a pleasant spot—the sort that any child, but preferably a girl, would have liked for a secret grotto, for the scent of flowers was thick as mist and plants innumerable stood and hung and crept as if at a flower show.

I dipped into my stocking for a gooseberry, a stocking which lay like a lumpy well-stuffed sausage on the bench beside me. And as I sat thinking as lads in secret grottoes do, about how I was in China or perhaps the mountains of the moon, my fingers, playing a game of their own, dribbled after the fruit spilled from the packed stocking. The bench was wide for a normal seat and obviously incised with a design, for the gooseberries, as my fingers told me, had come to rest in a chiselled niche. A scroll—a number, or perhaps a letter, it seemed to be. Yes, a letter, an 'O' . . . no, a 'C'. C.L.A.R.E.N.C.E. I felt around for more, for 'spelling blind' was quite a game. D.E.P.A.R.T.—Departed! Departed this life! For heaven's sake! for what hot seat could this be but a tomb, and Clarence—Clarrie . . .

I have heard tell of folks fleeing in panic and indeed hearing this cliché even today I see a boy leap from a cold start off a damp stone. I see his whirlwind scramble through a weave of strangling branches, a dog's basin tripping him full length. I hear the clatter through the midnight streets, the hollow clamour on a door, the soft voice of a brother. I smell paraffin from a bobby's lamp, carbolic in a scrubbed charge-room. I taste gooseberries sour and nauseous, dawn cocoa of an incredible sweetness. I feel, and this the total of the senses, reached not at the end, but overlaid along its length like music, a bottomless sadness. Sadness for a woman no better than she should be, for a boy who knowing nothing knew too much . . . for a murderer returning on tomorrow's train—a man considered mad and finally judged so for going to the trouble of giving his two victims Christian burial.

Bernard Hesling

SPRING IS THE RUNNING SEASON

Vincent Buckley

Spring is the running season
When stable hawk and hare
Enter their brilliant session,
Dancing in grass and air.

Tired with the year, I see
Only what everyone knows,
The dancing mimicry
Become an arrested pose.

Lord who have given me
The gift of the cynical phrase,
Teach me again to see
Light fallen on our days;

Teach me slowly to speak
With quiet emphasis,
And my inward eye to seek
All that the lean men miss:

Spirits, the christened world,
Moving, inhabiting
The natural good that's furled
Expectant in everything;

And eye and gesture of hand
That herald their speed and coming—
The height of the high land,
The wind's and trees' drumming,

Till hearts we had thought so hard
Loosen, their beat revives
The houses where men guard
Their cool uncentred lives.

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THE DISCURSIVE MODE

REFLECTIONS ON THE ECOLOGY OF POETRY

A. D. Hope

THERE have been many histories of poetry but its natural history has yet to be written. The fantastic variety and profusion of living forms in nature are all related and depend on one another. The naturalist knows this well and he knows that, while these relations are never simple in themselves, they often depend on a few quite simple natural laws which constitute the science of ecology.

Man is part of nature and human ecology is a part of general ecology. The arts of man rise and flourish and decay as do the races and species of living things; they are rooted in the mind and heart, they depend on the climate of society in much the same way as plants and animals depend on soil and seasons.

The balance of nature in any region undisturbed by man appears to be relatively constant. Each species of plant or animal has its natural and prodigal fertility kept in check by natural enemies and the limitation of its supply of food. But each species depends on other species for a suitable and protective environment and this becomes apparent when the balance is upset. Disappearance of one species because of the failure of controls on its natural enemies may lead to disappearance of the predators as well. And this may in turn lead to further disturbance of the balance of nature. Destruction of tall timber may lead to the disappearance of many types of undergrowth which it sheltered, and destruction of certain lowly types of plants may lead to leaching of the soil which leads ultimately to destruction of the major forms of vegetation.

It would be foolish to apply this analogy too closely or too literally to poetry. Poems are not organisms and do not reproduce themselves. But the various forms of poetry do depend on one another in something the same way as the various forms of animal and plant life. They have a natural order among themselves and neglect of any of the great forms by the poets affects the practice of all the others. The introduction of a new literary form, if it becomes popular, may seriously upset the whole traditional balance of literature. Moreover changes in social structure, in education or in belief, outside the field of literature, may destroy this balance in such a way that certain traditional forms fail to command respect and cease to be practised. This,

in turn, weakens the respect for others, for the different forms support one another. One after another the great forms disappear; the remaining forms proliferate and hypertrophy and display increasing eccentricity and lack of control. A general erosion of the mind proceeds with more and more acceleration. A desert ecology replaces the ecology of the rain forest. The forms are few, small, hardy and reflect the impoverished soil in which they grow. If the process goes a little further a point of no return is reached; sand, clay and naked rock present a lifeless and inhuman landscape where only minimal forms of life persist.

I have seen physical deserts of this kind in several parts of Australia: that made by the intrusion of the goat and the rabbit in South Australia; that produced by the greed and ignorance of too intense cultivation in the Mallee; that produced by poisonous fumes around Mt Lyell in Tasmania. The analogous destruction of the landscape of literature by the intrusion of alien and sterile forms of cheap amusement, by exhaustion of the heart and mind proceeding from greedy and ignorant exploitation of their resources, and by a poisoning of the atmosphere of belief in which the forms of art breathe and flourish, are obvious features of the world in which we live. Looking backwards, it is easy now to see the slow progress towards a desert ecology from the sixteenth century to the present day. It is still a young desert like parts of the centre of Australia, capable of responding to rain and good seasons or to irrigation, not yet a Sahara or a Gobi. It has its oases. But gone is the landscape in which the epic, the great philosophic poem and the verse tragedy massed their great timbers and delighted by the contrast of forms and foliage; in which verse satire, the ode, the epistle, the elegy, the romance, the hortatory or instructive poem, the pastoral and the long meditative or celebrant hymn, gave its general character to the woodland, while innumerable lowlier forms of sonnet or epigram and song filled all the space between. Instead there now is only the sparse and monotonous vegetation of the arid steppe: little poems of reflection, brief comments, interior monologues, sharp critical barks and hisses, songs that never become articulate; earnestness that lacks the enchantment of truth and frivolity that disgusts by its absence of charm.

The death of the great poem began in the seventeenth century. The balance of nature was disturbed when a new literary form, the novel or, as Fielding called it, the comic prose epic arose. It is no accident that one died as the other began to flourish. Something noble in the mind of man died with it and something more comfortable and amusing took its place. Verse tragedy

no longer supported by the taste for epic declined too, and comedy supported by the novel rose to take its place. The tragic mode gave way to the pathetic. In the eighteenth century satire became the dominant form and the disposition of the lesser kinds it sheltered was changed. The profuse varieties of lyric verse disappeared till only the song designed to be sung in the theatre remained. The ode suffered hypertrophy into the grotesque Pindarique. Sham extensions of the *Georgics* celebrated the wool-trade, the cultivation of sugar cane and the art of preserving health. The pigmy shape of mock epic flourished in the space left by epic in exquisite or impotent parody. The great poems of the period were ghosts: Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid*, Pope's translation of Homer. These poets gave life to what they transplanted, but in themselves they were a sign that the impulse to write original epic was gone.

When the long narrative poem was revived once more it was plain that the impulse came now from another source. It is not Ariosto or Pulci that stands behind Byron's *Don Juan* but the novels of Sterne and Fielding; it is not Milton or Lucretius that give character to Wordsworth's *Prelude* but the *Confessions* of Rousseau and the novels of Henry Mackenzie. Even *The Idylls of the King* is a kind of Victorian fiction in romantic fancy dress. The great narrative poem began to accept its inferiority to the novel and to imitate its methods. Clough and the Brownings went all the way. But the year *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* appeared was the year of *Dombey and Son*, *Vanity Fair* and *Wuthering Heights*. *Aurora Leigh* appeared between *Little Dorrit* and *The Virginians*, and *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* on the heels of *Middlemarch*. What chance could they have? The poets had sold the pass to no purpose.

Things now fell apart rapidly and thoroughly. Verse tragedy which had tried to take the place of epic in the seventeenth century died a lingering death in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, to be exhumed in the twentieth by writers of recitative which imitates the voice of poetry much as a female impersonator imitates feminine mannerisms. Satire succumbed with Byron. The elegy, the ode and the verse epistle quietly stopped breathing and nobody noticed their passing. The twentieth century woke up to find that the forest had vanished and only the monotonous mediocrity of the prairie remained.

Just as a certain nobility of mind was lost with the passing of epic from the living forms, just as real magnanimity was lost with tragedy, so one by one the attitudes of mind and heart, which made the use and being of the other great forms, died out as they

ceased to be practised. A loss and a limitation of consciousness followed such that men, whether readers or poets, were unable any longer to understand what they had lost, or indeed what was meant by a 'form' at all. That the power and range of each kind of poetry was intimately related to the structure, the appropriate metres, the formal character of epic, of satire, of ode, or drama, exactly as the character and nature of each kind of plant or animal is the product of its 'form', it was no longer possible to recognize. Men could see nothing but arbitrary or chance types of construction and they came to the perverse conclusion, that if these forms had perished then they had nothing to do with the essential nature of poetry. Poetry in its purest form they decided was to be found in the lyric. Edgar Allan Poe propounded the new heresy in an essay which became one of the bases of symbolist doctrine. Narrative, drama, excogitation, argument, description were rejected as having nothing to do with the pure essence of poetry. Poetry was music. Poetry was not the thing said, but continual evocation of delicious suggestions of meaning. Poetry was an unconscious crystallization of glittering images upon the bare twig of metre. Poetry, at the nadir of this search for its essence, became the formless babble and vomit of the poet's subconscious mind.

One thing more disastrous, perhaps, than the disappearance of the great forms, has been the concomitant disappearance of the *middle* form of poetry: that form in which the uses of poetry approach closest to the uses of prose and yet remain essentially poetry. It was a form which served without pretension the purposes of narration, the essay, the letter, conversation, meditation, argument, exposition, description, satire or cheerful fun. Its mood, like the mode, was discursive, not intense or elevated or passionate. It was in this middle field that the poets learned the exercise and management of their craft, the maintenance and modulation of tone, the arts of being at once well-bred, elegant, sincere and adept. It was from this middle ground that the poets moved to higher flights, and moved with assurance and skill. And it was from this common ground, this basic level of performance, that public taste was able to measure their progress towards the true sublime and to appreciate lapses of poetic tact, failures and absurdities, which are largely hidden from the poets and their readers today. It did not depend, like most of the admired poetry of today, on a profusion of startling images but on the plain resources of ordinary English used with inimitable aptness and animated by metre and rhyme. It was in this middle style that Chaucer wrote his tales, that Jonson could describe

Penshurst, the house of his friend and patron, Dryden retell a tale from Boccaccio or argue in *Religio Laici* against the faith he was so soon to embrace, Smart describe the picking of hops in Kent, or Wordsworth relate with quiet amusement his student life at Cambridge. Browning found it ready to hand, the medium of speech neither dramatic nor merely colloquial, yet suggesting both, for his remarkable gallery of men and women. In it he wrote the greatest *poem* of the nineteenth century, which, because of its medium is perfectly effective and yet not great *poetry*. It is not wholly unpractised today. Martyn Skinner has used it in *Letters to Malaya* and Robert Frost in some of his New England poems, to mention two living poets. But it has disappeared from what is fashionable and has therefore ceased to be part of the education of young poets and the natural measure and standard, for public taste, of success or failure in the intenser forms of poetry.

One of the masters of the discursive mode in English is Cowper. Few read *The Task* nowadays, but it deserves to be read if only to remind us of the still centre, the simple graces, the unobtrusive ceremony of language, for loss of which the whole natural order of poetic forms has fallen apart:

> *Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,*
> *Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,*
> *And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn*
> *Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,*
> *That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,*
> *So let us welcome peaceful evening in.*

In Cowper, in much of Dryden, above all in Chaucer we have the discursive mode at its barest and simplest. Metre and the unaffected skill of the poet draw the natural words and syntax into a movement that constitutes the dance of language we call poetry. On mastery of this basic skill depends the successful use of all the higher resources of poetry. On a taste discriminating enough to appreciate this as poetry, depends the power to discriminate and appreciate all the higher forms in their appropriate and natural order, and to see them for what they are. Without this principle of discrimination no-one can understand the *composition* of a long poem. No long poem can stay always at the height; the poet must understand the art of modulation and mastery of the discursive mode is the key to this art. On this depend proportion, harmony, connection, surprise and the power to return without lapsing into dullness—all the architectonic skills. In the possession of this knowledge the poets have no need, as seems to be the case today, of theories of magic or techniques of chance collision or subterranean evocation. The theory of

poetry is simply that of the natural use of natural forces to produce effects never known in nature and to make these forces serve ends, not different from those met with in other kinds of social intercourse, but only at a heightened level of perception and a higher organization of heart and mind. And it is in this use of natural forces to new ends that poetry takes its place among the characteristically human and humane occupations.

The counter view which now holds the field was enunciated by Poe in 1848:

> I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem' is simply a flat contradiction in terms. I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, though a psychal necessity, transient. . . . After the lapse of half an hour, at the utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.

There would be no point in contemplating the ingenious but essentially trivial arguments of *The Poetic Principle* had they not had the misfortune to justify so aptly what was going on in poetic practice in the nineteenth century, and had they not by a series of unfortunate accidents, become the basis of so many varieties of modern poetic doctrine. Poe's opinion hardly deserves a serious answer. He might just as well have maintained that love consists only of brief passages of intense excitement in sexual intercourse and that, because a man cannot prolong these moments indefinitely, he is never in love except when he is in bed. Nothing so well illustrates the disaster which followed the loss of any sense of the nature and importance of the discursive mode, as this tendency to equate poetry with excitement. The essay goes on to argue that coherent argument, narrative, and description are irrelevant. Poetry simply elevates us as a bottle of whisky may put us in a state of elevation. If we take more than a little of either 'a revulsion ensues'. A generation which could see no poetry in Pope took the view that the essence of poetry was to be found in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* of 1861 and 1869.

'Though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose' wrote Matthew Arnold in 1880. Palgrave and Arnold were education officials. Both became Professors of Poetry at Oxford. It may be significant that since their day education in schools on which the formation of public taste so much depends, has offered as the

basis of the study of poetry mainly anthologies of the Palgrave sort, and that the study of poetry in universities so often neglects the discursive mode. We live in a world which has been systematically brought up without appreciation of the plain bread of poetry, which has as systematically had its taste formed on little cakes, to appreciate nothing but short spasms and concentrated sweetness, which has never learned the habits of sustained attention which greater works demand.

When plant ecologists have wished to restore and regenerate the surface of an erosion plain they first planted the dunes with coarse and resistant grasses whose roots bind and stabilize the clay slope with a hardy succulent-like pigface. Additional grass and small weeds could then take root on the protected surface. Slowly humus was formed; bacteria and fungi in the humus built up nutrients, fixed nitrogen and restored the soil till it could support shrubs and bushes, until

—*last*
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit: or gemm'd
Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades.

In other words they followed exactly the steps which Milton describes in the primal act of creation. But where God simply created, they must plant and tend and water.

The regeneration of the ecology of eroded minds is not as easy as this. But because it is hard it should not be thought to be impossible and the ecological analogy is perhaps instructive. We must start first with the coarse grasses that bind and protect. The first step in intelligent regeneration of the soil of poetry, may well be to re-establish the Discursive Mode, in particular to restore the practice of formal satire. For good satire not only spreads and encourages an appreciation of basic, simple forms of poetry, it not only nourishes and binds the soil, it is in itself a powerful force to check and to eradicate the destructive forms, the noxious and parasitic growths within a civilization, by making them absurd and contemptible. The evil and incoherence and folly in society are also connected. They rely and depend on one another. Wherever the golden derision or the *saeva indignatio* of satire strikes, it weakens and shakes the forces that corrupt the heart and destroy poetry. *A. D. Hope*

FOR MY DAUGHTER

Judith Wright

The days begin to set
your difference in your face.
The world has caught you up
to go at the world's pace.
Time, that is not denied,
as once from my heart it drew
the blood that nourished you,
now draws you from my side.

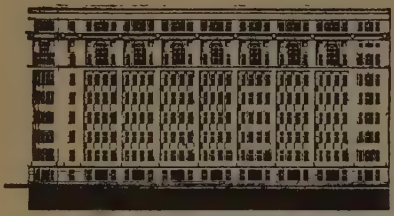
My body gave you then
what was ordained to give,
and did not need my will.
But now we learn to live
apart, what must I do?
Out of my poverty
what new gift can there be
that I can find for you?

Love was our first exchange—
the kindness of the blood.
Animals know as much,
and know that this is good.
But when the child is grown
and the mouth leaves the breast,
such simple good is past
and leaves us more alone.

So we grow separate,
and separate spend our days.
You must become your world
and follow in its ways.
But out of my own need,
not knowing where nor how,
I too must journey now,
upon a different road.

While love is innocent
the lion walks beside.
But when the spell's undone
and where the paths divide,
he must be tamed, or slain,
or else the heart's undone.
The path I walk upon
leads to his den again.

When I shall meet with him,
I pray to wrestle well;
I pray to learn the way
to tame him, not to kill.
For then he is my friend,
as Una's once, in love,
and I may understand
what gifts are mine to give.



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FOR SERVICE BOTH

GOOD MANNERS IN STREET ARCHITECTURE

George Molnar

IN THE early 'twenties Le Corbusier dreamt of the city of the future. It consisted of skyscrapers, widely spaced, standing on high columns. Underneath, the landscape, broken up only by the meandering footpath, flowed peacefully, while elevated traffic lines roared straight to their destinations. Ever since this dream, the street lost its importance as the main feature of urban design.

In our town planning schemes you find highways, housing projects, shopping, community and cultural centres, industrial areas. There are no more streets.

It was not so much Le Corbusier's conception of living that brought about the change; it was more our acceptance of large scale planning. Large scale planning works with scientific methods. Our life is too complex to be studied as a whole. Every manifestation of it has to be isolated for research. So we stopped living and started to function instead. We sleep, eat, communicate, shop, are social, we experience culture. For every one of these functions the right surrounding is created.

Unenlightened people fear that such an approach might cause people to conform too much, that it might make for uniformity. That is unimportant! From the planning point of view standardisation of conduct is helpful!

Good planning has no room for uncertainties. Our streets originally took shape because they led somewhere, or because of some view to be looked at. Or because of the proximity of some important building. The functions they represented are too complicated from the point of view of planning. That is why they have to go. Yet it is a sad thing to witness the passing of the street. Its muddled ways were the reflection of our way of living. Maybe it will come back again.

Archaeologists a hundred years hence will study with interest how buildings, individually designed each perhaps for a different purpose, once combined in harmony to form a new unit, the street. And this happened, mostly, without a plan, just on the strength of convention: the convention of good manners.

I want to make it clear, that the streets I am talking about are urban streets. Suburban streets have a different character.

Here the buildings are widely spaced, separated by foliage. The dominating element ought to be trees and shrubs; its architect, the landscape architect. His aim will be to produce a setting which will make every house stand out individually, while expressing the general movement of the street with the trees planted on the roadside.

The trees of urban streets are different. They are secondary to the buildings. Trees bring accents, and shade and colour. They help to modulate proportions. Wide streets can be broken up, narrow streets flanked by tall buildings can be made to look less oppressive with trees on the footpath, because the eye measures the height of buildings from above the tops of the trees.

The physical characteristics of our urban streets are: width, height, movement (that is, straight or bent, level or sloping) and scale. Even the time element should be considered. In some streets one lingers, through others one speeds. All these characteristics should be reflected in the buildings. All this seems to be self-evident. Yet very few of our architects take them into consideration when they set out on their design. One notices in narrow streets the main architectural motif set on the top of the building where it can't be seen. Sloping streets suddenly reveal sides of buildings the architect never wanted to show. Graceful curves are marred by vertical accents.

Besides the physical characteristics, streets have a spiritual quality too. The atmosphere of the street is created by the life within its walls, a life for which the street is a stage setting. There

are exuberant streets, introvert streets. There are elegant streets and ostentatious ones. The more diverse the human activities, the more interesting a street can be. Life is messy. Successful street architecture is messy too. That is the reason why it has no place in the cool logic of our new town plans.

Yet single-purpose streets are unhappy things. A street designed for parading armies, or for crowds to be addressed from a balcony, are just as dull as our cities after six o'clock, our shopping centres at week-ends, our garden suburbs after sunset.

The physical characteristics and the atmosphere together expressed in the buildings, create what every street should be, a live and individual organism.

The best examples of organic street architecture can be found on the Continent. Here multi-storey buildings are hugging close for warmth and protection, their heights nearly the same, conditioned by the number of stairs that people are willing to climb. This gives a uniformity to the street, which is accentuated by a certain sameness in the architecture itself—the sameness of good manners. No building tries to draw attention to itself, it is the street as a whole of which one is aware all the time.

The Continental street is a background to the life that goes on here. The ground floors of the buildings contain shops, offices, restaurants—the upper floors, flats, professional offices. Somehow one is vaguely aware of the proximity of a church. One is always reminded of the possibility of a drink. The streets

are full of people during the day—at night the façades are lit up. All the activities of life find their expression in the street, and give the street justification, content and character.

There are very few streets of this type in Australia, for our background is different. There never was a need for buildings to cluster together around a church for protection. The growth of a town was not conditioned by the encircling fortified wall. Social life, the proximity of other people, the interchange of ideas or gossip is less important here. Instead of flats the bungalow sets the pattern of growth.

And so instead of having streets as living organisms we have streets of restricted purposes. One sleeps in the suburbs, works in the City, shops in the shopping centres. Though this way of living is very costly in terms of materials, services and time wasted, the trend has to be accepted. Our streets are disappearing before we have had time to develop them.

Yet, in spite of that, the lesson of the streets should be learned. The lesson of individual buildings combining into a collective entity, the lesson of buildings reflecting the complexity of life, the lesson of good social manners in architecture.

Here ends the first chapter.

Anything which offends against the street and the collective character represented by it is bad. Though the offending building might be good architecture by itself it still is a bad building.

Among the causes of bad manners, let us consider the following: (1) The first is bad regulations. We have many of them. They are bad because they do not deal in principles, but set down rules for the standard practice at the time the regulations were made. This by itself would not be so dangerous if the phrasing of the regulations would make it quite clear that they refer to a certain type of building of a certain type of construction. But the wording of the regulations is general. And though there has been an improvement in the past few years, the same fault, the lack of stating principles and performances, still prevails. A regulation which says how to do things, instead of insisting what is to be done, is always impeding progress.

Bad regulations caused the bad planning that brought into disrepute our early flats. Bad regulations created The Gap. Cottages could be built three feet from the side boundary. Years later we realized that it is not the best thing to have windows of adjoining blocks of flats looking into each other from a distance of six feet. The aesthetic disadvantage of a street being broken up by fissures is not compensated by the extra knowledge of human behaviour gained by the inhabitants.

Nor is the present trend of making the width of the gap depend on the height of the buildings a good solution. Even if we call the gap a breeze way, the unity of the street is lost.

The right solution is to make the buildings adjoin and to face clearly into the street and into the court. This would result in a better type of flat and in a more dignified flat-residential district.

Our regulations which define the maximum height of buildings are very arbitrary. The height, of course, should depend on the width of the street, purpose of buildings, character of the neighbourhood. But the maximum height should be made compulsory. Much of the beauty of the streets of Rome, Florence or Paris is derived from the uniform height of the buildings.

(2) The second greatest cause of bad street architecture is the unsocial approach to the design. Unsocial design simply means the equivalent of not being properly dressed for a particular occasion. Most of our modern architects suffer from it. One does not have to accept an invitation: one does not have to build in surroundings one dislikes. But if we do, let's see what other people do. The character of the street has to be taken into consideration in planning new structures.

By studying the other buildings, one should decide on the architectural style and on the proportions to be used. The part should reflect the whole. By accepting the general atmosphere, character, proportions of a street, we can make use of them to show up our own design.

We can make our proportions more deliberate, our style more elegant—because more conscious; our buildings more simple—because we have recognized the essentials.

Before I am accused of professing the continuation of historical styles, I have to say that I am thinking of good examples such as the Orient Line Building in Sydney, and Saarinen's American Embassy in London.

(3) The third offending bad manner is the drawing board design. On paper, it looks good. But did the designer think of what his *porte cochère* will do to his elevation? Or the awning on the other side of the street? Or the fact that the street hasn't enough width to let the building be seen? Of course, most of our buildings do improve by the parts that are hidden. Still this does not take away from the fact that the first consideration of designing a city façade is to decide how much of it will be seen.

Under the title 'perverted functionalism' I want to voice my personal hatred for awnings. To be protected from sun and rain is good. To draw attention to goods displayed in shopwindows is good. But why do it in such a way as to narrow visually the already narrow street—to mutilate the façade—to make us forget about the building behind the shop? How many people

(you lucky people) know what Pitt Street, Sydney, looks like above the line of awnings? By all means let us be protected. Have arcades, or canvas awnings. Or let's just get wet. Anything is better than to have groceries and foundation garments dominate our streets instead of buildings.

I should go slow about denouncing our ability of not noticing what we do not wish to see. It is the strength of the British character. It helped to build an Empire. It greatly solved our plumbing problems. It enabled us in Sydney to build the Circular Quay railway. But a venturesome look occasionally would do no harm. Among the many striking examples to be seen, I quote the relationship between façades and advertisements. The advertiser sees only his exciting, colourful display. The architect sees only his elegant and restrained building. What about seeing them together occasionally? The scaffolding of the hoardings could be incorporated in the design, thus producing the new motif modern architecture is looking for so intently.

The inability to rise to an occasion is a least offending fault. You see it often in streets with terrace houses. The corner house does not take advantage of its position, but looks straight ahead, showing its unbroken party wall to the world. Sydney's old parts are full of rather delightful lost opportunities.

But when you see the same sort of thing perpetrated at Sydney's most prominent corner, where a low line of outhouses and lavatory buildings lead your eye to the Women's Amenity Centre, you despair of ever seeing Sydney as a civilized place.

There are lost opportunities where a building closes down a view. Or where a street turns. Or on hill-tops, outlined against the sky.

Maybe one should not complain about excessive humility.

The opposite attitude is much more frequent—the architect who revels in unnecessary accents. And it is not the jagged Victorian skyline of tympanums, arches, pots, statues, decorative chimneys and undulating cornices that I am thinking of. Though every building tries to be different, the motifs are the same in form and scale and the general effect, funny but harmonious, is rather like tattered lace. I deplore our modern architects' fight for the skyline, the curving shells, the sculptured chimneys, the battleship superstructure, the proud assertion of individuality as an artist. These assertions of individuality seem very much the same to me, yet they do not produce the effect as did their Victorian counterparts. They are not in scale with the building—they don't want to be.

Corner treatment suffers from pretence of excessive individuality and unnecessary accents too. A corner still belongs to the street. It should emphasize its movement; very seldom need it become a motif of its own. A good corner solution looks good, not only from the corner, but from alongside the footpath.

The next offender to good architectural manners is the indifference to the pavement. It shows itself in dividing the building into two. A lower part of entrances, shops, signboards, clearly for use from the street, while above this floats, remote, independent, Architecture, with a capital A. Now a good building is part of a street in its entirety. It accepts life that goes on around it, the multitude on the pavement, the tramcars on the road, the trees, the signposts. Its façade should not be conceived from the awning upwards. It should start from the line of the opposite footpath.

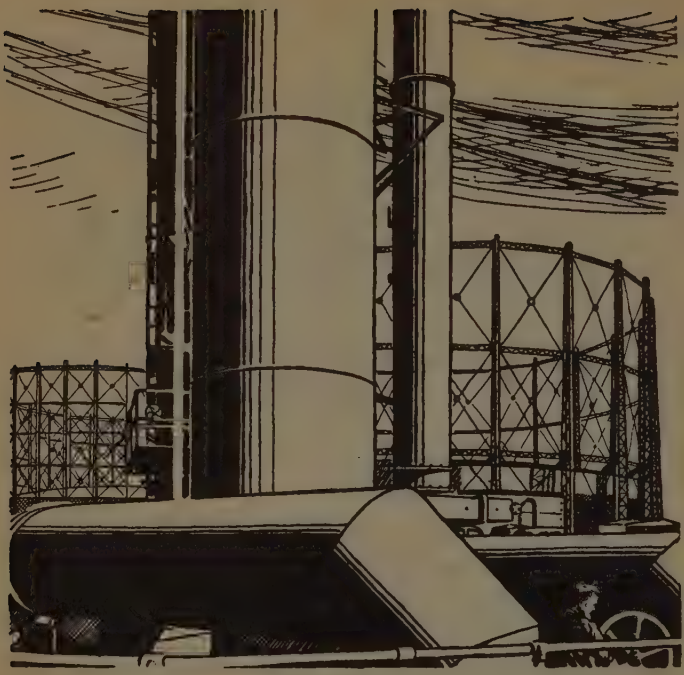
Please don't open windows or use balcony
You are disturbing my façade

Among the many bad manners mentioned here is that of having excessively good manners. I call it lack of content. Only great architectural gestures can dispense with humanity. Only great buildings have a life of their own. Good street architecture is a backdrop to life. Life is vulgar. Good street architecture should have an element of vulgarity about it. A façade is right if it can stand up to flags hanging from the roof, bedding in the windows, and washing drying on the balconies.

The final cause for our sad street architecture is disregard for our tradition. The early Australian urban type of building, the terrace house, was a fine beginning. Its balconies suited the climate, its compactness suited the town scheme. Its plan, the family life enclosed within party walls, was superior to our present-day flats. From an aesthetic point of view, the repetition of the same unit, accentuating the contours of the land, produced fresh and happy streetscapes. Our best urban suburbs in Sydney are old parts of Darlinghurst, Paddington and Woolloomooloo.

How and why we lost our taste for these urban streets would be an interesting study for economists, sociologists, psychologists. It happened at the turn of the century. Maybe it had to do with improved transport, prosperity, and increased respectability.

We have to turn back to the spirit that created them if we want to keep our streets alive. The architecture of the North, imported via America is not the proper answer for our way of living. Once we had a good street architecture. We are not rich enough to dispense with the past. *George Molnar*



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EPITHALAMIUM

Evan Jones

Now beside the bridal bed
The candles flicker and are dead,
And heart-beats thudding like great paws
Call the beasts in through the doors.
Comfort and succour till parted by death.

The bride and bridegroom, scared to death,
Hear their sudden heavy breath
In the silence of the room,
Lying helpless as they come.
Comfort and succour till parted by death.

Now the sullen beasts engage
In a silent mortal rage;
Their breathing swells, till muffled cries
Echo as the first one dies.
Comfort and succour till parted by death.

The raging animals lie down;
Fierce anonymity will drown
Such sensual lovers; then it's past
And all the passions die at last.
Comfort and succour till parted by death.

Dreaming fingers rest in thanks
On the heavy loosened flanks,
And the bridegroom through the night
Shields his eyes against the light.
Comfort and succour till parted by death.

THE COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY IN ASIA

Denis Warner

IN THE seeming victories of 1946-7, the Chinese Nationalists sowed the seeds of their defeat. The great armies of Chiang Kai-shek flung themselves across the face of China, capturing territory but losing men, over-extended and vulnerable.

Fighting only when victory was certain, running when defeat threatened, in classic execution of Mao Tse-tung's principles of revolutionary warfare, the Red Army faded into the countryside and the Nationalists marched on to abandoned Yenan, the Communist capital.

By the summer of 1947, the Communists were ready for the counter-offensive. They streamed across the Yellow River, and the sun-baked central plain that stretches south to the Yangtse and east from the Han River to the sea burst into flame. Strategically inferior but always tactically superior, they swamped the Nationalists with 'human wave' attacks. Suddenly, the Communist victory was predictable and certain. And elsewhere in Asia the opportunities for expanding the Red revolution began to seem unlimited.

As early as 1916, Lenin, in his *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, had advanced the theory that the weak side of the Western Powers was their dependence economically on the raw materials, manpower and markets of Asia. Later, the creation of the secure Soviet base had first priority: but in the first flush of success, Asian activities and the desire to expand quickly were important in the Communist programme.

Moscow made its first play for China as early as 1923 when Mikhail Borodin arrived to advise and assist Dr Sun Yat-sen, leader of the Kuomintang and father of the revolution against the Manchus. Two Asian schools opened in Moscow and one, the Sun Yat-sen College, attracted students from many lands. Ho Chi-minh, who leads the Vietminh Communists in Indo-China, was one, Chou En-lai, the Chinese Communist Prime Minister, another. Thorez, of France; Browder, of the United States; Sharkey, of Australia; Alimin and Iwa Kusumasumantri, of Indonesia: all studied in Moscow.

Ho Chi-minh, a brilliant graduate, went direct from Moscow to Sun Yat-sen's headquarters as an assistant to Borodin. His tasks included the selection of students for training in Moscow and the spreading of the Communist Party network in South-

East Asia. Under his direction, Singapore became a pivotal point for South-East Asian Communism. He established the central headquarters of the South Seas Communist Party here and through its agencies directed Communist activities in Burma, Malaya, Siam, Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies.

That Communism failed to win Asia in the 'thirties is probably due more to the now despised Chiang Kai-shek than to any other man or group of men. If he had continued his alliance with the Communists, the Communist revolution in China would have been advanced by twenty years. But two years after taking over from Sun Yat-sen as leader of the Kuomintang, he turned against the Communists, who had helped him to power.

The story of how Mao Tse-tung survived the liquidation of the Communists and started afresh with only a thousand peasants and two hundred rifles to create a new politico-military revolutionary science in Asia is the absorbing history of the Chinese Communist Party for the next twenty years.

China did not fall to the Communists in the late 'forties because of the Wallace Mission, or the Marshall Mission: it was won by Mao Tse-tung, brilliantly, courageously and to a formula that can be applied, should the international climate again prove suitable, to almost any country in Asia or Africa.

Against the background of his great counter-offensive in China, the Cominform met for the first time in September 1947, to declare, openly, that the world revolution had entered a new, offensive phase. The Soviet base was secure and the opportunities apparently more than ripe in Asia.

The Cominform divided the world into two camps, with the Soviet Union heading the democratic, anti-imperialist camp and 'waging a consistent fight for peace among the nations and for democracy', and the Anglo-American camp, led by the 'ruling circles of the United States', 'imperialist and anti-democratic', forcibly trying to 'establish world supremacy, to enslave other countries and peoples, to destroy democracy and to unleash a new war'. Communist Parties everywhere, it was agreed, had the task of uniting the democratic, anti-fascist and peace-loving elements against plans for war and aggression.

We did not have to wait long for this general definition of purpose to appear in more tangible form. At two Communist Party meetings in Calcutta in February 1948, sixteen Soviet delegates and three Yugoslavs sat down with Communists from every Asian country, including Australia, to set in motion armed revolutions to coincide with the climax of the struggle in China and at one stroke to win Asia for Communism.

Much preliminary work had been completed before the conference sessions opened and a programme prepared under Russian direction by the Communist Party of India, entitled 'Revolutionary Possibilities for 1948' became a basic document. This blueprint for revolution, which had already been distributed in Burma by H. N. Goshal, a Bengali, deputy leader of the White Flag (Stalinist) Communist Party in Burma, ran to twenty-six pages. It declared that the revolutionary epoch had brought the 'colonies' to the point of armed struggle against the imperialists and their allies. 'So powerful are these struggles and so great their revolutionary sweep that the achievement at one stroke of people's democracy becomes an immediately attainable object,' the document stated. Burma's independence was described as a sham, under cover of which the British imperialists would work a stranglehold on the defence and economic life of the country.

In Burma, India, Singapore, Malaya, Indonesia and Korea there is abundant evidence that the Calcutta orders were accepted literally and translated, if sometimes very ineffectively, into action.

The Indian Communists, with shock brigades and guerrilla gangs, went into immediate action and on 26 March 1948, less than a month after the Calcutta conference had ended, the West Bengal Government declared the Communist Party illegal because it was 'endeavouring to create revolution and to capture power by violent means'.

Dusan Puhalo, a Yugoslav delegate to the Calcutta conference, accompanied Thakin Than Tun, the White Flag leader, and Goshal, when they returned to Rangoon. According to the Burmese Government, the trio attempted to rekindle labour strikes there but failed to make any immediate headway. Then, on 18 March, under Thakin Than Tun's presidency, the White Flags held a conference at Pyinmana, which was attended by seventy-five thousand peasants.

The conference passed seven resolutions calling for a peasant revolt and a campaign to smash the Government by armed force. The fledgling Burmese Government, still rejoicing in its independence and proud of all its revolutionary sons, tried to negotiate with Thakin Than Tun. According to an official Burmese Government publication published in September 1949, and entitled *Burma under the Insurrections*, the Government replied by displaying a programme before Thakin Than Tun that had been worked out by all the national revolutionaries, including Thakin Than Tun.

Tun's reply was to deliver a highly inflammatory and threatening speech at a Communist-sponsored meeting in the heart of Rangoon. He openly instigated the masses to revolt against the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League Government and promised that he would have the Bagaya, a Communist stronghold in Rangoon, overflowing with Government blood.

Despite this open incitement to revolution, the AFPFL leaders continued their negotiations until the night of 28 March, when Thakin Than Tun and other Communist leaders, who had been using the negotiations only to prepare to go underground, disappeared. So the Communist revolution began in Burma: it has not yet ended.

With the revolt ready to go there, Dusan Puhalo flew to Singapore. But the police in the British colony had been alerted and were ready. Twenty-four hours after his arrival, with a deportation tag on his baggage, Dusan Puhalo was on his way home to Yugoslavia.

The Calcutta plan had already preceded him to Singapore, however. According to the Singapore authorities, both Sharkey and Lee Soong, the Malayan delegate to the Calcutta meetings, reported to a special meeting of the Central Executive Committee of the Malayan Communist Party, which decided to close the port of Singapore as a prelude to armed revolt. This was expected to wreck the Singapore economy and to confine the British Army to the island, leaving the Malay Peninsula clear for the major revolutionary uprising.

The fifteenth of April was the date set for the opening of the campaign. Singapore authorities got word of the plot on 1st April But in the two weeks that passed before they issued banishment orders against a number of union officials, the Communist leaders bolted.

Police raided the headquarters of the Harbour Labour Union and the Singapore Federation of Trade Unions. They found what were officially described as vehemently seditious pamphlets advocating violence.

Later the Communists published their *Outline of the People's Democratic Republic of the Malayan Communist Party*. It prescribed an independent, 'all-races-equal' Malayan People's Democratic Republic, amalgamating Singapore and Malaya. This was to be established 'after the British imperialists have been driven out of Malaya and their military, political and economic influence and that of their feudal underlings have been thoroughly eliminated through uniting and mobilizing the strength of the people of all Malaya'.

By June 1948, even the reluctant Governments in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur were convinced that the Communists meant business. A State of Emergency was declared.

Sharkey made his way back to Australia from Singapore by way of the Dutch East Indies, where all Indonesians were in armed revolt against the Netherlands. Here, the two Indonesian delegates to the Calcutta conferences had passed the word that the Communist Party should abandon its subordinate role in the revolution against the Dutch colonialists and take the lead.

The return from twelve years' exile in Moscow of Musso, an old-time Indonesian Communist leader of the 'twenties and 'thirties, relieved whatever doubts the Calcutta directive had inspired. Musso was quickly installed as secretary-general of the Party and began to set in motion his plans to take over the Dutch East Indies and the revolution against the Dutch. 'Our national revolution must be led by the people and not by any other class,' Musso declared. 'Our revolution has continued for nearly three years under the leadership of the national bourgeois class, which has always been uncertain and vague in its stand in facing the imperialists in general and America in particular.'

The Indonesian Communists rose at Madiun, in Java, in September 1948. They were overthrown by the superior Republican forces and their leaders put against the wall and shot.

Since the Communist revolutions in Indo-China and the Philippines had carried on as an extension of wartime guerrilla movements in Indo-China and the Philippines, it is not possible to examine the effect of the Calcutta conference on these two countries; and Japan, under firm American occupation, offered no opportunities for the sort of operation Moscow had in mind.

In Korea, however, despite the American occupation, the Communists decided to act. Fortunately, the details of the plan fell into the hands of the American commander, Lieutenant-General John Hodge; but in two weeks of violence no fewer than six hundred people were killed.

The common note in all these Moscow-inspired revolutions was their lack of success. In Burma and Malaya they dragged on, causing much alarm but falling far short of their objectives: in India, Indonesia and Korea they failed completely.

Only Mao Tse-tung in China proved that he had the correct formula. All through his years in the wilderness he had fought against recklessness. 'Impatience is harmful and advocacy of a quick decision incorrect,' he declared. 'The plucky determination to wipe out the enemy before breakfast is good but any concrete plan to do so is inadvisable.'

But he did not dispute Stalin's belief that the time had come to extend the revolution. In a message to the Soviet leader on 6 November 1948, the thirty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, he said: 'After the victory of the Second World War, American imperialism and its running dogs in various countries replaced Fascist Germany, Italy and Japan and are frenziedly preparing a new world war. They reflect the extreme rottenness of the capitalist world and its panic in the face of impending extinction.' He acknowledged Soviet leadership and called for the 'advance of Communist revolution on a world-wide front'.

The wedding of Stalin's strategy with Mao's tactics was the next step. It occurred in Peking in the closing weeks of November 1949. In those days Peking did not trouble to conceal its plans and night after night the radio broadcast to South-East Asia the broad plan and techniques of the new revolutionary war.

Liu Shao-chih, next to Mao the leading theorist in Communist China, delivered the keynote speech. Little known beyond China, Liu ranks second only to Mao. His voice, therefore, was the voice of authority.

With astonishing frankness, Liu listed the countries in which the revolution would be extended, or improved. 'It is necessary for the colonial and semi-colonial people and the working people in the imperialist countries to unite to fight together against their common enemy—imperialism,' he said. 'The war of national liberation in Vietnam has liberated ninety per cent of her territory; the war of national liberation in Burma and Indonesia is now developing; the partisan war against imperialism and its lackeys in Malaya and the Philippines has been carried on over a long period, and armed struggles for emancipation have also taken place in India. In Japan, the progressive labour movement and the progressive people's movement against the conversion of Japan into a colony of American imperialism is developing. The movement of the Korean people against Syngman Rhee and for the establishment of a unified, popular democratic republic of Korea cannot be halted.' The speech went on and on: 'In resisting imperialist attacks, the armed struggles of the colonies and semi-colonies to win national independence are a mighty force in strengthening and defending world peace.'

And then the crux of the statement. The path taken by the Chinese people was the path that should be traced by the 'peoples of various colonial and semi-colonial countries in their fight for national independence and people's democracy.' After that, the rules: the essential leadership of the Communist Party; its re-creation in countries where it had been disbanded for

nationalist window-dressing; the setting up wherever and whenever possible of a national liberation army led by the Communist Party. And, finally the detail: the hard core to be built around a regular army in combination with guerrilla forces; the confinement of fighting to the countryside, while other 'legal and illegal' activities were practised in the cities.

'This is the basic way followed in China by the Chinese people in winning their victory,' Liu concluded. 'This way is the way of Mao Tse-tung, which is also the basic way for winning emancipation by the peoples of other colonial and semi-colonial countries where similar conditions prevail.' It was impossible, he said, to overthrow imperialists and to establish a people's democratic state by any way other than that specified.

A twenty-one point manifesto issued at Peking on 1 December 1949, set out in detail the results of the conference. The manifesto called on the people of Asia to put an end to the colonial system and to give all help to patriots. 'Inspired by the victorious struggles in China, a national liberation movement is going to develop still further in a number of countries,' it promised.

On the day following this announcement, the chief Soviet delegate to the conference announced the means whereby the overall Communist plan would be co-ordinated. The instrument was an organization known as the Liaison Bureau, which an Indian delegate to the conference described as 'our general staff'. Communists from the Soviet Union, China, India and Australia were elected as permanent delegates and Ernest Thornton, the Australian Communist at the conference, settled down in Peking.

During the conference Peking had obliged with a lengthy daily report of the proceedings, all of which I reported to the *Daily Telegraph* in London and to my papers in Australia. But there were clearly many aspects of the conference that neither Peking nor Moscow would want to disclose. They came to light in an unexpected manner.

Early in 1950, Hugh Chevins, the London *Daily Telegraph's* industrial correspondent, picked up the trail from the European end. Louis Saillant, French secretary of the World Federation of Trade Unions, who had been in Peking for the conference, returned to Paris with the secret minutes and in due course these passed into the hands of Helene Rado, wife of the former chief Soviet espionage agent in Switzerland, and herself a former Russian spy. Rado had disappeared in Russia, presumably either executed or sent to a concentration camp, and his wife had escaped a gaol sentence in Switzerland by fleeing to France where, disillusioned and ill, she went to work for WFTU.

She passed the document to Chevins with all its conspiratorial detail. It disclosed that three Russians, Yakovlev, from the Soviet Embassy in Bangkok, Rostovsky, formerly head of the International Department of the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions and Solovyov, secretary of the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions, Li Li-san, the Chinese Minister for Labour, and Louis Saillant had briefed small groups of Asian Communists in greater detail. Their instructions included the surreptitious arming of native populations, inciting strikes, provision of funds to agitators, infiltration of non-Communist organizations and the establishment of underground channels of communication. The object was to prepare the way from the China base for Communist consolidation in India, Pakistan, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Siam and Indo-China.

The Liaison Bureau opened for business on 1 January 1950, and the wheels quickly began to turn in this new Soviet-directed, Chinese-led struggle for Asia.

Within weeks, Communist China and the Soviet Union recognized Ho Chi-minh's 'Government' in the mountains of Tongking. A Chinese Communist military advisory group arrived to assist Ho Chi-minh and Vo Nguyen Giap, where the immediate decision was taken to convert Vietminh guerrillas into regular forces in China. Responsibility for this was entrusted to General Ho Lung, who, in 1946, had commanded the 120th Division of the 8th Route Army and Major-General Nguyen Son, a tall, striking-looking Vietnamese. Son, a veteran of the Long March in China, served with Russian forces at the battle for Stalingrad. He later returned to Vietnam, where he became commander of the important 4th Military Zone in Tongking and, under Giap, directed the invasion of Laos, early in 1953.

At the end of 1949 when I first visisted Indo-China the war was still purely guerrilla in character. It had effectively crippled the economy of the country, but the Vietminh forces, scattered indiscriminately over a thousand miles of mountain, plain and jungle, lacked the main striking force and the supporting civil columns that were essential for victory according to Mao's theories. The French claimed, accurately, that one good French battalion supplied from the air could move anywhere with impunity.

Within a year, the adoption of Mao's politico-military tactics turned a campaign of attrition into a war of annihilation. Guerrillas remained spread through the countryside from Cochin-China in the south to Tongking in the north, tying down scores of thousands of French troops in static defence. Guerrillas every-

where, harassing, hitting, now in the north and now in the south. And then, out of China, poured the Kwantung-trained regulars, three divisions strong. They hit and smashed the whole chain of French posts guarding the strategic Tongking-China border and sent thousands of French troops reeling in bitter defeat.

With the military advance came the political consolidation. Ho Chi-minh had been leading a pseudo-nationalist revolution. Now all that had to change to conform with the Peking instruction that the revolution should be led by the Communist Party.

The Vietminh organization disappeared into the Lienviet Front and the Laodong (Communist) Party was re-created to take control. The man selected to set the revolution on its new course was Truong Chinh, a founder member of the first Indo-China Communist Party in 1930, Yenan-trained and author of a number of books on Communist theory. In a speech on 3 March 1951, before all major political leaders, parties, forces and organizations he delivered the new directive. 'All our people want democracy, genuine democracy,' he said. 'But only under the leadership of the working class can Vietnam's resistance and revolution be victorious. This is an historic truth. . . . The right to leadership of the revolution must be obtained through bloody sacrifice built on achievements and adorned with self-sacrificing spirit. The right to revolutionary leadership must be guaranteed by a vanguard revolutionary theory and a correct line of policy. Only a party that has a vanguard theory can lead the revolution. The Vietnam Laodong Party is the vanguard and general staff of the working class and the working people of Vietnam.'

Full authority and power passed to the Politburo of the Laodong Party and the Indo-China war with Mao's theories and Stalin's weapons advanced slowly but surely to its ghastly climax, the destruction of sixteen French Union battalions at Dien Bien Phu and Western capitulation at Geneva.

Until Peking took control of the campaign in Malaya, the Communists' efforts had proved even more fruitless than those of their comrades in Indo-China. By unbridled butchery, they had alienated the people whose support they needed. Burning taxis and buses and sporadic bomb attacks marked the futility of their efforts in Singapore. In Malaya trains were shot up, buses burned. No one was safe.

In October 1951, a massive, fifty-page directive brought the revolution into line. It candidly admitted the errors of the past, ordered the immediate cessation of all indiscriminate terrorism, set political activities on the highest plane and ordered the regular armed forces to conduct themselves as élites.

While the efficiency General Sir Gerald Templer brought to the campaign in Malaya proper succeeded to a considerable degree in thwarting the Communists' new plans there, Singapore today is a striking tribute to the efficiency of Peking's tactics.

But while these paid handsome dividends in Indo-China and Singapore, the too pointed use of the gun was not without risks. 'Political power grows out of the barrel of the gun,' Mao has declared. And while this had been amply confirmed, there was the danger that the gun might itself be destroyed. The Chinese Army had faced defeat in Korea in the spring offensive in 1951: the United States was on the point of intervention in Indo-China in 1954; and seven Fleet aircraft carriers with the Bomb had been in the Formosa Strait during the evacuation of the Tachen Islands in 1955. And since a major war was no part of Peking's plans, the possible modifications in tactics that were revealed by time and circumstances were especially welcome.

Chou En-lai found at Geneva in 1954 that the very countries China had so contemptuously dismissed as 'semi-colonial', and against which revolutionary war had so brazenly been declared, bore no malice. Out of his subsequent meetings with Nehru and U Nu, 'peaceful co-existence' was born. Allied with neutralism, it promised *to prevent the creation of power to oppose Communist power in Asia* and, at the same time, *left the Communists free to continue their political subversion and penetration.*

By premature, adventuristic revolution in Java in 1948 the Communists lost their heads: by 'peaceful co-existence', by patient effort designed to capture every nationalist issue, they won five million votes at the election in 1955.

India, having thrown off the abortive Communist attempts at revolution, now finds itself wooed with smiles and kind words and roubles. With a population of 380 million and the world's lowest living standards, it is not only the key to non-Communist Asia but also a target of incomparable opportunity. Struggling with the bitter economic problems of the Second Five Year Plan, India needs help desperately. And here, in this crucial phase of co-existence turned competitive, the Soviet Union has once more taken the lead.

Denis Warner

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THE KING

A. D. Hope

The lion in deserts royally takes his prey;
Gaunt crags cast back the hunting eagle's scream.
The King of Parasites, delicate, white and blind,
Ruling his world of fable even as they,
Dreams out his greedy and imperious dream
Immortal in the bellies of mankind.

In a rich bath of pre-digested soup,
Warm in the pulsing bowel, safely shut
From the bright ambient horror of sun and air,
His slender segments ripening loop by loop,
Broods the voluptuous monarch of the gut,
The Tapeworm, the prodigious Solitaire.

Alone among the royal beasts of prey
He takes no partner, no imperial mate
Seeks his embrace and bears his clamorous brood;
Within himself, in soft and passionate play,
Two sexes in their vigour celebrate
The raptures of helminthine solitude.

From the barbed crown that hooks him to his host,
The limbless ribbon, fecund, flat and wet,
Sways as the stream's delicious juices move;
And, as the ripe joints rupture and are lost,
Quivers in the prolonged, delirious jet
And spasm of unremitting acts of love.

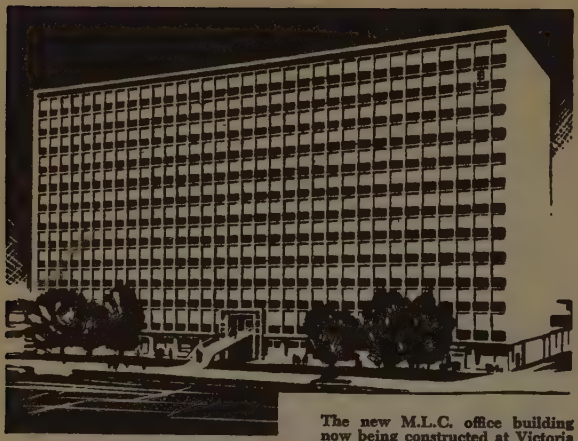
And Nature no less prodigal in birth
In savage profusion spreads his royal sway:
Herds are his nurseries till the mouths of men
At public feasts, or the domestic hearth,
Or by the hands of children at their play,
Transmit his line to human flesh again.

The former times, as emblems of an age,
Graved the gier-eagle's pride, the lion's great heart,
Leviathan sporting in the perilous sea;
Pictured on History's or the Muse's page,
All knew the King, the Hero, set apart
To stand up stiff against calamity,

Breed courage amid a broken nation's groans,
Cherish the will in men about to die,
To chasten with just rule a barbarous tribe
And guard, at last, the earth that kept his bones.
And still the Muse, who does not flatter or lie,
Finds for our age a symbol to describe

The secret life of Technocratic Man,
Abject desire, base fear that shape his law,
His idols of the cave, the mart, the sty—
No lion at bay for a beleaguered clan,
No eagle with the serpent in his claw,
Nor dragon soter with his searing eye,

But the great, greedy, parasitic worm,
Sucking the life of nations from within,
Blind and degenerate, snug in excrement.
'Behold your dream!' she says. 'View here the form
And mirror of Time, the Shape you trusted in
While your world crumbled and my heavens were rent.'



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LETTER FROM PARIS

TWO FRENCH VOICES

François Bondy

IN PARIS today the pamphlet, the small polemical tract dashed off with vehemence and verve, is coming back into fashion. A publisher has just launched a series of pamphlets written by some writers of the extreme left, close to Jean-Paul Sartre, by a right-wing controversialist, who conducts a rather summary trial of the whole leftist intelligentsia, and by Salvador Dali, who has written a short condemnation of all modern art. Dali, with his unconstrained manner, his irresponsibility and his facetiousness, comes nearest to obeying the law of this kind of writing, which enjoins lightness and impertinence.

The revived taste for the pamphlet form corresponds perhaps to the rise of a new generation—a more frivolous one, some say—less obsessed with ideology, according to others: but in any case in a hurry. This is what characterizes the young talents who have emerged in literature and polemics in recent years. They are in a hurry, a hurry to express themselves, to explain and comment, a hurry to get known, to 'arrive'. *Arrivisme* is not, for a young writer, a fatally dishonouring vice. Honoré de Balzac was an *arriviste*, so too were Guy de Maupassant and Marcel Proust. Of course the problem is to strike a balance between haste to arrive and the patience needed for creative work.

Doubtless it is a simple coincidence—or perhaps a providential one—that the two fundamental attitudes taken up today by thinking Frenchmen concerning the destiny of France in the modern world have been expressed in two quite recent pamphlets. These are two vivacious and provocative little books which are at one in their rejection of a facile and slothful optimism but which reach conclusions that are diametrically opposed. For one writer exalts the heroic past of France and calls for a new 'miracle' to restore to the nation its former greatness, its glory and prestige; while the other looks towards the future and calls on Frenchmen to think of France's destiny on a continental and world scale, saying good-bye to many prejudices and nostalgias and to any hope of an individual salvation or an isolated greatness.

The novelist and essayist JEAN DUTOURD has gained with his pamphlet *Les Taxis de la Marne* exactly the kind of success he could hope for. On the left and the right the book has been vehemently attacked, but also vehemently defended—even in

the Communist press. If anything more were needed to convince one that the consecrated terms Right and Left have in France lost much of their traditional meaning the reception given this book would prove it.

What does Jean Dutourd say? He remains humiliated and inconsolable at the shameful defeat of France in 1940, at the incapacity of the generals, the absence of fighting heroism in the soldiers who let themselves be herded in their millions like cattle into the prison camps. Dutourd, like many young people then, connected patriotism with all the old bourgeois prejudices from which he was turning away. He discovered it afresh in a beaten and occupied France. After his own sorry experience as a soldier who never fired a shot, he thought of his father and the heroic generation of those who fought at Verdun, of their capacity for sacrifice, their tenacity—and their victory. Let us note in passing that the role of the Allies in the winning of the First World War seems to escape Dutourd's notice, and he sees even the Second World War as above all a Franco-German duel.

Dutourd, a combatant without laurels and a prisoner, escaped and later joined the maquis. He looked to General de Gaulle, whose emergence seemed to him a miracle comparable with that of the famous taxis by which General Gallieni managed to send reinforcements to the front and win the Battle of the Marne—whence the book's title. And all through his book Dutourd invokes a third miracle which would make France rise again as a great nation, perhaps the greatest—for according to Dutourd the spectacle of a world which will not be guided by France is unbearable.

Jean Dutourd remains faithful—no doubt, too faithful—to the anti-conformist tradition of the Parisian intellectuals. But in his case anti-conformism is a revolt against revolt, a refusal of the current banal and facile anti-conformism of the pacifist and internationalist intellectuals. With a gesture of defiance, out of bravado, he declares himself a wearer of the cockade, a jingoist. But his nationalism is not a desire to participate with other Frenchmen in collective passion. He asserts an extreme individualism. He affirms more than once that he is the only one who still believes in France, and he makes national passion his private affair, his entirely personal domain.

What is most striking in *The Taxis of the Marne* is its author's refusal to conceive the past and present of France outside the traditional framework of reference, in which France moves through the vicissitudes of history as a *person*, Frenchmen being admirable only to the extent that they have served the destiny

of this person. Dutourd does not say what purely national destiny France can now prepare for in order to become a great power on the scale of America or Russia. He 'gets a death-rattle in his throat' at the realization that France cannot safeguard the integrity of her empire; but faith in a miracle takes the place of any reasoned analysis. He knows that there is nevertheless a France which *has* remained great, through the idea that the world has of her as incarnating in her history certain human values:

> There are Turks, Roumanians, Egyptians, Brazilians, Negroes who love France without having seen her, simply in their idea, which no longer even corresponds to the reality. . . . One day this imaginary France, which is still so potent, will have to be studied, this glorious phantom floating above the real France, which is a small bourgeois nation, cowardly and egotistical, led towards a wretched destiny, by fools sumptuously installed in the furniture of Napoleon; a France having for some slight lustre only a few artists whose language she barely understands.

But Dutourd does not ask himself whether the France which he demands should be militarily and imperially great will be identical with this other France so universally loved. This is the inner contradiction that destroys this book, which has made such a noise but which has little weight. People will refer to it later as a symptom rather than an analysis of the crisis through which France passed. They will see in it, across the dreams of glory, the image of a France turned in on herself to cultivate her wounds and resentments, a France hypnotized by her past.

But this is not the only France and has never been. The pamphlet by FRANÇOIS FONTAINE which appeared some months later, entitled *La Nation Frein*, would suffice to witness to another France: open, audacious, engaged in vast projects and capable of facing her future in the terms of a transformed world. The author is not a writer by trade as Dutourd is. He was at the Quai d'Orsay before joining Jean Monnet's team for The Plan. He followed his patron next to the Steel and Coal Authority of Luxembourg and also works with him in the Euratom project. No less than Dutourd, Fontaine is very *vieille France* in his deep provincial attachments. If he denounces the 'trammels of nationalism', if his pamphlet, full of reminiscences of his reading of the classics, appeals to European solidarity, if he asks France to open herself completely to the great currents of ideas and exchanges, it is certainly not through any lack of roots, of tradition or patriotic reflexes. It is through intelligence, but also through a passion for Europe to which he subordinates his

passion for the nation. The best of his book is not however in this thesis itself, which has been already expressed in so many speeches and editorials. It is in the personal meditation on French institutions and customs, the new scrutiny he gives to an old reality; and it is in the allusive yet incisive way he examines the fundamental assumptions of French politics.

Fontaine sees that the stagnation of a country can persist behind an appearance of dynamism. He writes: 'For a country such as ours to stay still in the world current it is necessary for the leaders to move vigorously.' Fontaine relies rather on creative imagination than on a miracle. 'Behind the screen of national grandeur the Frenchman is preparing no surprises. He is suffering from his isolation and hesitates to recognize his family, Europe.' While Jean Dutourd wants to restore the cult of the Nation—whose priest he wrongly imagines himself to be—François Fontaine refuses this cult point-blank:

> In accepting the fiction of the nation-person, one falls into the trap of anthropomorphism, with its transposition to the national plane of human vanities and rivalries. If one says: France forgives, or: Germany understands, I am rendered uneasy. France and Germany are not just conventions, they are myths; they are not simply figures of speech, they are figures of living women, endowed with their own personality, with uncontrollable reactions. . . . The nation and the race are not entities necessary to the organization of societies: they are nothing but crystallizations of emotion around the cold axis of governments.

Clearly the opposition between these two Frenchmen could not be more complete. A foreigner who would like to understand certain French contradictions could not have a better initiation into the French crisis of conscience than by reading these two pamphlets, which represent so well the two aspirations disputing for the soul of France. Between hope for a miracle and an appeal to the imagination—between nostalgia for an often glorious past and the will to break though the old framework—will be decided what part the French shall play in the building of their own future and that of Europe.

François Bondy

CHANGES IN STUDENT OUTLOOK

Alan Barcan

IN THE decade following World War II the climate of opinion among Australian university students has greatly changed. In politics there has been a waning of radicalism and a growth of conservatism. In religious outlook agnosticism and scepticism have declined and some kind of religious revival has occurred. In sexual morality, there has developed an orthodoxy in notable contrast to the immediate post-war period of turmoil and upset. At the strictly intellectual or educational level there appears to have been a deterioration in student standards, though not in those required by the university. An increasing immaturity of the undergraduate personality can be noted.

At any stage in university history the students actively interested in general problems, in theories of politics and religion or problems of art or culture, form a very small minority; but it is a creative minority, whose importance is out of proportion to its numbers. The vast majority of students are mainly interested in their professional training courses at the university. Also, universities have different traditions, deriving from the strength or weakness of the intellectual and social atmosphere of the city or township in which they are located. Thus Melbourne University students are frequently more socially conscious or 'intellectual' than those at Sydney.

Another qualification to be borne in mind is that one generation tends to see a decline in standards in the following one. This is the myth of the great past, when gods walked the earth. But there have also been generations which have acknowledged the greater achievement of successors. Certainly one must be aware of the danger of elevating the age in which one was moulded; but there are also some objective standards by which to rate trends of development. The flood of nostalgic references in the universities of the nineteen-fifties to past glories does mean something. Quantitative changes in student life (smaller attendances at student congresses, the decline in the size and number of student publications) can also reveal qualitative changes.

The main issues have been raised in an article by Murray Groves in the 1952 *Melbourne University Magazine* entitled

'The Point Where Black is White', which examines the decline of undergraduate life:

> What is it that has died? With whom did it live? It was not necessarily known to all undergraduates. Maybe it was, but none of us can tell. . . . As far as I know, this thing usually loitered in the Union or in Arts Faculty lecture rooms. At least, that is where I most often met it. It made its last appearance in the Public Lecture Theatre during the anti-Communist Referendum campaign. Its presence was reflected in the attentive faces of hundreds, but as we watched its image there, some of us saw that it had aged, and was making a last appearance. . . . Doubtless you have already realized that it is an attitude, or state of mind, whose death I am mourning. . . . It was not necessarily political, this companion of our youth. It assisted in the production of *Present Opinion*, a virile little magazine that died several years ago, with the death of the Arts Association. This state of mind that I am attempting to define also lured people out at nights—to meetings of the Literature Club (now deceased), the Philosophy Society (now esoteric), the Debating Society (now hum-drum), and many other lively organizations (now decayed). . . . Can we name it yet? Not in a word, perhaps; but we can probably get near it. It was hope. It was undergraduate self-confidence, self-importance, self-awareness. It involved the belief that the world was manageable, and that we all had a part to play. . . .

But the lights have gone out. Murray Groves concludes: 'Today the moral issues are completely ambiguous to many of us, and there, I think, lies the key to our malaise.'

During 1944 the first trickle of men and women released from the army started the revival of university life in the key humanistic faculties, Arts and Economics. By 1945 the post-war university boom was under way. These ex-servicemen and women were older than the average undergraduate. Some had started their courses before 1942. Others had missed their opportunity of attending the university in the nineteen-thirties owing to depression conditions or other circumstances. The Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme offered them a new opportunity for university education. The universities between 1945 and 1949 were getting in a concentrated dose talents which normally would have been spread over the years 1942 to 1949. Those students who came straight from school to the universities in this post-war period were also more mature, more conscious of social issues. In the Australian society in which they

had grown up they were afforded sights and issues and problems which accelerated their achievement of intellectual and personal maturity, and which thrust them right into problems involving standards and outlooks and theories.

The post-war university and its students were relatively well-provided financially. Money was at hand for student activities and university expansion. Student papers were larger, student magazines were fat. These large enrolments and large incomes were important factors in making the post-war university, but they were not the determinants, for student numbers continue to grow and undergraduates are still relatively well-off, yet the atmosphere is now quite different.

From 1944 to 1949 the *Melbourne University Magazine* reached new peaks in both numbers and quality of contributions. In 1947 the *Sydney University Handbook* claimed, perhaps boldly, that in the preceding year the student paper *Honi Soit* 'became the foremost student paper in Australia, if not in the British Empire'. In 1946 the National Union of Australian University Students, previously rather ineffective and weak, began to exercise a significant influence among students. It held its first Congress at Brighton Camp, near Hobart, where over 300 students from all parts of Australasia assembled. Australian representatives went to the initial gatherings of the International Union of Students in Europe and influenced its turbulent debates. Student political and religious clubs were strong and vigorous. In Sydney students were interested enough in overseas affairs to demonstrate outside the Dutch Embassy in Margaret Street over Dutch action in Indonesia in July 1947. The core of the demonstration was formed by Labour Club and Student Christian Movement supporters, but Liberal Club supporters and other students also participated. In 1955 another student demonstration occurred in Sydney. Significantly it was no longer issues of foreign policy which aroused student activity, but the provision of traffic lights outside the university.

Another indication of the atmosphere comes from a Sydney *Daily Telegraph* editorial on 16 November 1946:

> Vital universities produce, above all, vital minority opinions. Wherever they uphold the true tradition of University life they are a thorn in the side of conventional, mass thought. That is their true purpose. If they don't maintain a steady output of young revolutionaries they are not worth their salt.

The editorial was headed 'Rebels Can't be Bought Cheaply'. But ten years later there were hardly any rebels to be bought.

The transition date falls around 1950. But it is not possible to assign the change in undergraduate feeling to any one year. In the 1953 *Melbourne University Magazine*, a writer reviewing the history of the university paper *Farrago* comments 'that the years 1947-53 form one of the most interesting of these progressions, in that a quite clear-cut and defined change from intense activity to virtual stagnation in undergraduate life occurred'. For the student paper he sees the final turning point in 1951. The editors of the 1952 *Melbourne University Magazine*, James Griffin and Vincent Buckley, also appear to put the transition date about 1950: 'Our former Vice-Chancellor, with some wisdom, has called us to make it (the University) a "hotbed of ideas". Yet in the past two years the only resemblance to a "hotbed" was afforded physically by the burning of Wilson Hall, and figuratively by the resultant speculation as to its fate. The only discussion, the only disputation, the only excitement arose out of the consideration of this problem; what to do about providing the University with a new hall. Religion, Politics, Art have made no recent ripple on our consciousness. . . .'

The old spirit, naturally, hung on longer with the older students. Inertia came slowly, from below, as the new student age-grades moved up through the university. Undergraduate clubs and societies were affected first. The top positions in student life (president of the SRC, editor of the student journal, editor of the university magazine) were frequently the preserves of graduates or senior students. The Student Congresses of the NUAUS were more likely to attract the older undergraduates and recent graduates. Such Congresses were turbulent, hectic, controversial in 1950 and 1951 and even later. The transition date here is suggested by the Director of the 1954 Congress:

> The fact that this year's congress behaviour was relatively good should be a good advertisement for next year's. It is a fact that a number of Queensland girls did not attend this year's Congress because they had the impression that general behaviour there would be so bad that it would be in fact dangerous to attend. That is one impression that could not follow this year's Congress.
>
> The Director feels that the attitude of the Presbyterian Church authorities in not allowing alcohol on the premises was completely justified and imposed no undue hardship on anyone. . . . It was necessary to ask one student to leave the Congress on the Saturday afternoon, and the Director believes that this unpleasant incident was justified.

This is the authentic voice of the new generation of students.

Descriptions of the post-1950 student generations are quite numerous. One feature frequently stressed is the new conservatism. Writing in *Honi Soit*, 25 March 1954, a recent editor of that paper stated that the 'general tone of Sydney University is a fervent effort to keep to the middle course, to be reasonable, and eschew all deviations'. With the revival of conservatism is associated something of a religious revival, even if some members of religious groups are disturbed a little by its emotional rather than intellectual basis. Freethought societies have disappeared, or have been replaced by organizations with more conciliatory names like Socratic Society or Libertarian Society. Religious clubs flourish.

An article by Arthur Burns, 'Athens and Jerusalem', in the *Melbourne University Magazine* for 1953 tells us that:

> Amid a general and absolute decline of student clubs, the religious bodies alone make some show of keeping up with the post-war rise in university population. Revival is the appearance, survival the reality. . . . Faith begins to be respectable again. Why this should have happened, and why the like should be recorded from universities all over the English-speaking world, are questions pointing to a more general one: how have religions survived here while other student creeds were dying?

Yet the answer he suggests, that religious organizations have survived within the university chiefly because they draw nourishment from permanent institutions outside, seems inadequate.

In the same magazine are 'Some Comments on the Structure of the University' written from the Catholic point of view. After paying tribute to the immediate post-war period ('students were more mature than is now common'; 'the vitality of this period is evident') the recent growth of the Newman Society, the Catholic student organization, is underlined. 'To those who recall the emotional insanity of 1949, the rational calm of these meetings and discussions on controversial matters indicates a striking change in the temper of the undergraduate mind.'

In the 1954 *Hermes* an article by Father Roger Pryke (Catholic Chaplain) and Phil Jones (past President of the Students' Representative Council) is both an examination of the religious revival and an example of it. (Many of the articles in this magazine, and in its Melbourne contemporary, are concerned with religion.) The writers say:

> At present there is no 'dynamism' within Sydney University sufficiently powerful to colour and unify the intellectual lives of the student body. What the University

needs above all is an accepted and practical source of intellectual unity. For the Christian, religion is the centre and focus. However, many Christians do not make the effort of integrating the full body of spiritual, philosophical and scientific truth into a unified whole.

Another characteristic of the post-1950 undergraduate sometimes commented upon is his tendency to devote himself more fully to his studies. Gavin Souter, writing in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 10 March 1956, cites the opinion of a member of the university staff that students work much harder than they used to. 'They want security by passing and security in religion.' This does not mean that the standard of scholarship has gone up. Most observers are of the view that it has declined. In evidence before the NSW Survey of Secondary Education Committee a New England University lecturer stated that the most striking feature of Australian first-year university students was their youth and immaturity. 'One hesitates to use terms like semi-literate, but that is the sort of impression they create by their poverty of expression both in conversation and in written work.' It is likely that one reason why the post-1950 generation devotes itself more thoroughly to study is that it has to. In recent years there has been, for various reasons, a shifting in standards of primary and secondary education in Australia. Some students now come to university less prepared academically for university studies than was once the case.

It is sometimes suggested that this exclusive devotion to work is a by-product of the Commonwealth Financial Assistance Scheme. Fear of failure and consequent loss of benefits, it is thought, encourage students to concentrate on their academic studies to the exclusion of other general educational activities. But the CFAS existed in the lively pre-1950 period; and ex-servicemen also had to pass their examinations if they were to retain the benefits which they received.

A feature of the university of the nineteen-fifties which should be mentioned is the interest in Asian affairs, to be seen in Overseas Clubs, International Clubs, and similar bodies, and in the work of the National Union of Australian University Students in encouraging the exchange of visits by Australian and Asian students. The presence of the latter in Australia under the Colombo Plan stimulates the interest of undergraduates in this part of the world. In many cases, however, it is the Asian students themselves who are the driving force in clubs devoted to international cultural matters. It is notable that this interest is on a cultural rather than political level.

When we come to consider the underlying reasons for the change in student outlook there is one explanation we should dismiss at the start. The upsurge after World War II cannot be explained merely as a normal post-war phenomenon which by 1950 was starting to pass away. Comparing the two post-war periods a writer in the *Melbourne University Magazine*, 1954, notes that Australian universities after the First World War were relatively quiescent. Cynicism and disillusion were characteristic. In the second instance, however, it was the first unaffected-by-war generation which 'not only failed to carry the torch, but suffocated it. Inertia came not from war, but from our nine years of "peace".'

Some factors behind the transformation in student attitudes are general, indeed world-wide, and others are largely limited to Australia. Thus the religious revival is to be seen in many parts of the Anglo-Saxon world. Its basis lies mainly in present world conditions. Murray Groves, whom we have previously cited, sees the Cold War as the main factor in the decline in undergraduate life. Its impact, he argues, has helped to make controversy less popular:

> That, I think, is why undergraduate life has lost its vigour and its self-confidence. The Cold War has imperceptibly intruded its ambiguity into every remote corner of our landscape. We are afraid of everything except our local and personal intimacies—and who can be sure that they will sustain us?

But the Cold War cannot stand alone as an explanation of changing student attitudes. The collapse of the Soviet version of Marxism as an intellectual force is also an important factor to be taken into account. As the nature of the Soviet Union became more and more apparent in the 'forties and 'fifties its ideological influence on leftist undergraduate politics has become weaker and weaker. The Australian Labour Party has been unable to exert any significant alternative ideological attraction. This situation has helped to undermine political activism on the left in Australian universities. The influence of the Liberal Clubs in the universities has not declined to quite the same degree as that of the Labour Clubs. Still, the point is that all political clubs are weak. The gap left by the political clubs has to a considerable degree been filled by the religious societies. This is one explanation of the religious revival, or survival, in the universities.

Among specifically Australian influences we must mention first of all the impact of fourteen years of full employment, and almost as many years of prosperity and boom conditions.

This is undoubtedly one basis of increasing conservatism. As the *Sydney Morning Herald* commented in its valedictory editorial for 1955, 'Prolonged prosperity has brought about a dangerous complacency and a still more dangerous resistance to new ideas.' Behind the growing immaturity of university students lies a deterioration in many of the Australian states in school educational standards. The trend in the schools is often towards laying less stress on academic, factual, humanities-type education and more on social and technical education. The non-school educational media (newspapers, films, radio) also show a decline in standards. Australian society at the moment presents few challenges as a stimulus to maturity, while the schools reflect the general inability to impress a strong philosophy of life on the adolescent. Another characteristically Australian feature is the traditional predominance of the state in so many spheres of social and educational life, the weakness of voluntary organizations, and the weakness of ideas as a force moulding Australian social development. This weakness in ideas in turn derives in some measure from an inadequately developed middle class.

What will be the effect on Australian social development when this student generation of the 'fifties assumes political and social leadership? What qualities in journalism and literature, in art and speculative thought, in teaching and law and politics, will they offer their fellow Australians of the 'seventies?

Alan Barcan

* *

OLYMPICS THEN—AND NOW?

THE RULES: In the third full moon after the summer change in the Eleian month of Parthenius, Olympia will receive competitors and guests. Every freeborn Greek has the right to take part in the Games provided that he is not besmirched by murder and does not carry the curse of the gods. The whole world should be free of crime, without the stain of blood, free from the rattle of arms, especially the Eleian soil and the sacred wood of Zeus at the time and the place of the Games. It is the truce of the gods.

Olympic Games were being held at the time when Xerxes was invading Greece, in 480 B.C. Tragic appeals for help came from Sparta and Athens. The horizon was aflame; there were calls to action for mutual defence but two-thirds of the Greek world were separated from the war by their seas and mountains and by alliances with the Persians. A small number of states had sent athletes and processions to Olympia as before. On the same day on which the naked body of Leonidas was hanged on a cross at Thermopylae prizes for running and jumping were being given. The smoke of burning Athens must have mingled, high in the sky, with the smoke of the Olympic hecatomb.

JAN PARANDOWSKI: *The Olympic Discus*

THE METAMORPHOSIS

Roland Robinson

What cause did legend find for these
enormous, silent agonies?
Look how each gum, of giant girth,
writhes, straining from the rocks and earth.

Were they a titan race who waged
primordial battle once, enraged
to rend each other, hundred-armed?
What paralysing influence charmed,

calmed their tumult into this
arrested metamorphosis?
Ah, listen. Here a spirit voice
of peerless, piercing notes and choice

of range and modulation, mocks
all songs of birds. Among the rocks
and ferns, in quivering lyre-shaped plumes,
this bird, this spirit voice resumes

its source of supernatural song
until the very rocks, the throng
of trees contending in their brute
strife, stand listening, stricken, mute.

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—Leslie Gould, Financial Editor of the New York *Journal–American.*

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To be an exponent of the profit motive one has merely to assess the standard of living, freedom, happiness and health of the people of the various countries, but as Gould says, "Too many people are unaware of this", thus it will be a good thing if more of us who do realise it expound as well as accept it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN THEATRE

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

John Kardoss

THESE comments on the Australian theatre are written from the point of view of a European-born student of theatre arts and their history. Too often one finds amongst recently-arrived Australians—and indeed amongst many native-born Australians—a tendency to disparage the existing level of achievement of the Australian theatre. Nothing could be more unjust or shortsighted. Seen in its historical perspective, the theatrical development that has taken place in Australia is remarkable.

Modern Australia appears brand-new on the scene of history in 1788 when the First Fleet landed a small company of men, women and children at Botany Bay. The total number was 1024 persons. Everything has grown within a short time from that beginning, which took place amongst great hardships and difficulties.

In view of the poor circumstances, it is astounding that the first theatrical performance could take place about seventeen months later, on 4 January 1789, the King's birthday. A possible explanation is that among the convicts there may have been some who had tried their luck on the boards; certainly there were playgoers among them, as well as among their warders, and probably they brought out copies of plays with them.

The first theatre in Sydney was opened on 16 January 1796, by Robert Sidaway, a baker, who had achieved 'a state of great respectability'. The prisoners who formed the theatre company chose a modest and fitting motto: 'We cannot command success, but will endeavour to deserve it.' Nevertheless Sidaway's theatre was closed and dismantled by order of Governor Hunter in 1798, on the ground that it had a corrupting influence. Probably the real reason was that it became a focus for pickpocketing, and burglary became common on theatre nights. At any rate, Governor Hunter himself established a theatre in 1800, which opened with a comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*, to which was added a musical entertainment called *The Virgin Unmasked*. This second venture was shortlived. After 1800, because of official disapprobation, there were no regular performances for about a generation. However, amateur activities were quite frequent among the troops in their barracks and the convicts in the different gaols. The novel *Ralph Rashleigh* records the manner of the stage plays performed by convicts.

According to Colin Roderick, the successful productions by the prisoners at Emu Plains after 1825 stimulated the desire for a theatre in Sydney and led to the establishment of the Theatre Royal by Barnett Levey in 1832. This is generally regarded as the beginnings of the regular theatre in Australia. The opening plays were *The Miller and His Men*, a melodrama, and a farce *The Irishman in London*. This performance was on 5 October 1833.

The Theatre Royal was followed soon after by the establishment in Hobart of a regular theatre under Samson Cameron at the Freemasons' Tavern. Adelaide got a theatre in 1838; Perth saw its first presentation in 1839; Melbourne got a theatre in 1841. The first regular theatre was not opened in Brisbane until 1864. During this period, the provincial theatre also flourished in the country towns of Victoria and New South Wales; touring companies used to go to the remoter places.

The gold rush in the eighteen-fifties gave a big push forward to the theatre, and playhouses were built in the country towns as well as in the cities. George Coppin was the enterprising actor-manager who contributed most to theatre development at this time.

It was now, in 1854, that the first considerable Australian play, with an Australian background, was published: *The Bushrangers* by Charles Harpur. Leading stage personalities from Europe and America also began to visit Australia: Lola Montez, Edwin Booth, G. V. Brooke and later Charles Kean and Ellen Tree and Madame Ristori.

The outstanding event in the history of the Australian theatre was the arrival of James Cassius Williamson and his wife from America playing in *Struck Oil*. Attracted by the country and the welcome they had received they revisited Australia in 1879 with Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*. In 1882 J. C. Williamson entered into a partnership with Arthur Garner and George Musgrove. This partnership inaugurated a new era in the life of the Australian theatre. The triumvirate acquired theatres in Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide. The partnership lasted for some years but in 1890 Musgrove left and Garner followed in 1893, leaving Williamson with complete control over 'The Firm' as it became known throughout Australia.

During the 'eighties and 'nineties the Australian theatre showed great vitality. As Paul Maguire says:

> It reflected the upsurge of vigour in Australia at large and the high optimism which have since strangely declined in the theatre and the wider scene. Even little local halls

and vacant lots and street corners had their teams of strolling buskers glowing in burnt cork or paint and enthusiasm. Players moved in their troops by train and Cobb and Company across the vast landscape to the remotest town.

The climax was undoubtedly the triumphant visit of Sarah Bernhardt in 1891. Of her Sydney debut it is recorded that:

> She swept the city away on a wave of hysterical enthusiasm and though all her performances were in French—for which the people were provided with little books of words—it was no uncommon thing for them to interrupt the action with wild outbursts of applause.

The prosperity and growth of the theatre continued, in spite of the competition of the motion pictures, up to the Great Depression. The theatre world suffered severely and many of the theatre buildings were converted into film houses.

However, the decline of the commercial theatre during the 'thirties produced one important result: the development of the repertory and little-theatre movements which have become a major element in the cultural life of Australia. Apart from the fact that these amateur and semi-amateur enterprises provide an experimental stage for Australian players, producers, designers and craftsmen, they did more than the commercial theatre had done in the fostering of Australian drama and the production of plays by local authors. All of these groups have had a tremendous battle for existence, and they deserve our respect for what they have achieved. Many Australian stage and radio stars began their careers with little theatres or amateur dramatic societies.

An English authority, J. W. Marriott, discussing the fact that 'good drama is far from being dead' in spite of the competition of film, TV, the 'star' system and other commercial malpractices, suggested three reasons: the revival of good drama today; the outstanding work of repertory theatres in England and the little theatres in the United States; and the increasing number of amateur groups and the extraordinary popularity of amateur acting.

The result which is being gathered now is a rapid revival and development of the Australian theatre since the war. When the writer arrived in Sydney in 1949 there were three legitimate theatres: the Royal, the Palace and the Tivoli. Within a few years these three had increased to seven: the Royal, the Palace, the Tivoli, the Empire, the Palladium, the Elizabethan and the Phillip Street theatres. Unfortunately the Palace has since backslidden into a cinema.

As regards the quality of productions and performances, an intimate knowledge of the theatre in many European capital cities enables one to give the following verdict: the J. C. Williamson and Tivoli productions are generally in world class in their field, and apart from lack of West End or Broadway stars, the performances and mounting are on a level with any of the leading European theatres.

It is not about the quality of the productions that any objection can be made against 'The Firm'. What must be objected to, however, is their out-dated idea that even for insignificant supporting roles they have to bring third- and fourth-rate actors from overseas. Certainly managers may bring overseas stars for their neon-appeal, but they should be fair enough to the country which supports them to give a chance to the abundant local talent. There is no doubt that, considering the size of the population, this is one of the richest countries in talent; but unfortunately it is one of the poorest in its ability to recognize and appreciate local talent. I am reminded of a sad remark of Ruskin's: 'I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what they lose.'

In 1954 a new development of major importance occurred with the foundation of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, whose aims are the establishment of a native drama, opera and ballet, which will give professional employment to Australian actors, singers and dancers and furnish opportunities for playwrights, composers, artists and other people whose creative work is related to the theatre.

In order to promote these aims the Trust acquired the Newtown Majestic Theatre in Sydney, rescued it from its thraldom to film, and restored it to legitimate use as the homeground of the Elizabethan Theatre. It was opened with some splendour on 27 July 1955 under the direction of the English producer Hugh Hunt. Dame Sybil Thorndike delivered the Prologue, which was written by James McAuley.

The fact that Australia's National Theatre opened with an overseas company doing a non-Australian play, Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*, was—to put it gently—not quite in harmony with the avowed aims of the Trust. There have been other blunders by the Trust's management, which consists mainly of former English producers; and there is still not one man in a key position who is a trained theatre director, that is to say, who has ever been in charge of the management of a legitimate theatre.

The high points of the Trust's more recent work have been: *Medea*, with the Australian actress Judith Anderson in the title

role—which came more or less ready-made from overseas; *Twelfth Night* produced by Hugh Hunt, and *The Rivals* produced by Robin Lovejoy, which were both on a good artistic level; and—an event overshadowing all else in 1956—THE DOLL. Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, a fine Australian play, deserved its uproarious success in Australia.

Australia has plenty of gifted people and the time is not too far away when, instead of importing plays and players and imitating overseas productions, something greater will happen: Australians will create their own drama out of native ideas, with native talent and native inspiration. It will take time, patience and perseverance to achieve this aim and a lot of far-seeing people will be cursed by the prejudiced, short-sighted ones, who lack sympathy and vision. But there are already courageous Australians, who are fighting for the advancement of the nation, and the cursed of today are sometimes the blessed of tomorrow.

John Kardoss

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ALAN BARCAN	is a lecturer at the Newcastle Teachers' College.
FRANÇOIS BONDY	edits the Paris monthly *Preuves*.
VINCENT BUCKLEY	has published a book of poems *The World's Flesh* (Cheshire 1954).
ROSEMARY DOBSON	has published three volumes of poetry, the most recent being *Child with a Cockatoo* (Angus & Robertson 1955).
BERNARD HESLING	is writing for Constable a further book of autobiographical sketches to follow his earlier volume *Little and Orphan*.
A. D. HOPE	whose poems *The Wandering Islands* were published by Edwards & Shaw in 1955 is Professor of English at Canberra University College.
EVAN JONES	who teaches History at Melbourne University, has published poems in several Australian periodicals.
JOHN KARDOSS	an Australian from Hungary, is a theatre critic and short-story writer; he is also the author of *Sabre Fencing: History, Theory and Practice* (Hicks, Smith & Sons 1955).
GEORGE MOLNAR	wellknown graphic satirist, is a lecturer in the Faculty of Architecture at Sydney University.
ROLAND ROBINSON	has published three books of poetry, the most recent being *Tumult of the Swans* (Edwards & Shaw 1953) as well as a prose work based on Aboriginal lore *Legend and Dreaming* (Edwards & Shaw 1952).
ALAN VILLIERS	sailing master and author, has been chosen to take the replica *Mayflower* across the Atlantic next April. He is working on a study of Cook's seamanship for the forthcoming volume of the Hakluyt Society's edition of the Journals.
DENIS WARNER	former Far-Eastern correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, returned to Australia as a freelance but is at present working at the School of Russian Studies at Harvard University under a Nieman award for journalism.
JUDITH WRIGHT	has published four books of poetry, most recently *The Two Fires* (Angus & Robertson 1955).

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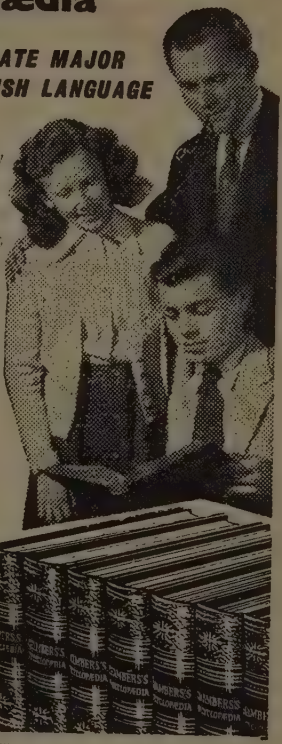

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CLARK VERSUS COOMBS

A new publication called *The Australian Journal of Politics and History*, published twice yearly by the University of Queensland Press, appeared in November 1955. It presents substantial scholarly papers which might in many cases not otherwise receive periodical publication. In the early issues the contents have been of considerable interest and value.

In the first issue Colin Clark discusses 'Australia's Economic and Population Capacity' and makes some reference to the opposed theses on Australia's development needs and prospects identified with his name, on the one hand, and that of Dr H. C. Coombs on the other. 'At the end of the war,' he says, 'and in the immediate post-war years remarkable expectations were entertained about Australia's prospects as an exporter of manufactures. Dr Coombs encouraged Australia with particularly rosy hopes in this direction.' Clark maintains that one of the essential conditions for successful development of manufactures was lacking: 'That the manufacturer should have access to considerable population and industry around him. But, in the present state of Australian transport, the Australian manufacturer finds that the population and industries of a neighbouring Australian State might almost as well be in Europe, for all the good they can do him as markets and suppliers. . . . Unless these transport anomalies are cleared up it is hard to see how Australian manufacture can make much progress at all. The transport of goods between one Australian port and another, with a very few exceptions, is legally limited to Australian ships employing Australian crews, and overseas ships are forbidden to compete. This legislation is one of the evil heritages of the Hughes regime. The result has been to create a legal monopoly, which some people would indeed describe by a more impolite word, whose fruits are shared by the highly conservative shipping companies, and the highly Communist Seamen's Union. And, whatever these two parties may say about one another in public, they are united in an unholy alliance to exercise their influence over both political parties, and to prevent any public discussion of the shipping monopoly which is strangling Australia's economic development.'

PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE

A little known Australian periodical is *Yarrawonda*, the journal of the Caloola Club, which is an organization devoted to the promotion of a national policy for parks for the preservation of natural environments. With the tenth issue the journal has emerged in printed form. This issue contains an excellent essay on the scientific basis of natural reservations, leading to practical conclusions. 'Reserves must be self-contained, enclosing a complete environment. Reservation of portion of an environment with development of the remainder is full of danger, especially where the reservation is small. Once land is alienated it is foolish to contemplate anything other than fullest development. It has been found that plants like Boronias and Flannel Flowers will cease to produce when cut off in small communities. Severe development can change the soil chemistry and the availability of water, bringing the elimination of species. Plants on the edge of an environment when cut off will die, allowing introduced and noxious species to establish themselves, bringing a threat of further elimination to natural species. Reservations on one side of a valley without the other is a common fault in practice. . . . It is imperative to retain great tracts of

country in its natural condition—and this despite the risk of bushfires. The practice of clearing underbush for sylvicultural purposes or for bushfire protection, or the taking of mature trees (because they will rot) must disturb the environment. Queensland Forestry Authorities in their administration of national parks have shown the way: access by road to the boundaries of parks, excellent graded walking tracks through the untouched natural environment.'

SHAW NEILSON'S POETRY

The number of *Southerly* devoted to John Shaw Neilson, no. 1, 1956, has an article on 'Shaw Neilson's Metaphysic' by A. R. Chisholm. He finds that in such poems as Neilson's 'The Orange Tree' the poet instinctively exemplified the poetic theories of Mallarmé and the Symbolists, although it is certain that Neilson knew nothing of Symbolist theory. 'He groped his modest way towards that which was best and most exquisite in Symbolist practice, almost as if his strange sensibility enabled him to feel what was in the air; almost as if Mallarmé's theories were thoughts coming out like ripples to the edge of his antipodean dream.'

PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE

Writing on 'The Conditions of Peaceful Co-existence', *Meanjin*, vol. xv, no. 1, 1956, Michael Lindsay examines some of the limitations and difficulties inherent in the notion. He thinks that 'peaceful co-existence is only possible between systems which have less than a certain degree of fanaticism and which provide some guarantees against power falling into the hands of megalomaniac imperialists', and urges that 'any useful discussion of the possibilities of peaceful co-existence must begin by considering whether or not the systems involved are of a type which can fit into the system of peaceful co-existence'. He says the greatest obstacle to peaceful co-existence between Communists and non-Communists is that 'each side is inclined to believe that the other has a system which will make the acceptance of peaceful co-existence impossible'. He is thus inclined to look at the problem as basically one of removing mutual suspicions and changing sentiments and attitudes.

He concludes with a sharp critique of Indian policy, which he charges with being unwilling to subject its hopes of peaceful co-existence to any real tests. This is illustrated by Indian confusion over colonialism, which in the Indian view is an exclusively Western phenomenon of which the Communist powers are not guilty; whereas the truth is that the U.S.S.R. has a colonial empire and 'it is fairly certain that the Communist powers would react very violently against any application of anti-colonialism to their territories and would probably be prepared to fight rather than give up any of their colonial areas'.

WILL SCIENCE EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF LIFE?

The Australian Journal of Science, vol. xviii, no. 5, 1956, has the text of a forum on this topic which was held as part of the ANZAAS proceedings in Melbourne in 1955. The discussion is to some extent vitiated by insufficient awareness of the confusion involved in sliding to and fro between the viewpoint of experimental science and the viewpoint of philosophy, as in Professor A. A. Abbie's remark, 'To the criticism that this is pure materialism must be opposed the answer that science deals with material things and that the materialistic approach has the justification of producing concrete and satisfactory results, which work as if they were true.' The contribution of J. R.

Smythies, visiting Nuffield Fellow at the Australian National University, is not liable to this objection. His conclusion is that, 'life *per se* has no monolithic nature which science could ever discover. The bodies of living things are merely physico-chemical mechanisms of enormous complexity. Science can discover the details of this mechanism and describe them in terms of physics and chemistry. The controversy between vitalism and mechanism is now no more a living scientific issue but belongs to the history of science. The focus of interest has shifted to the question of the relation between the mind and the brain, and if a cornerstone for human values is sought they might be referred to their origin—i.e., the human mind. There is no contradiction involved in the statement that the body is a machine in liaison with mind logically and ontologically external to or separate from the brain.'

PERFORMANCE OF MOZART'S CONCERTOS

Kenneth Hince in *The Canon*, vol. ix, no. 8, 1956, has a refreshing view of attempts at historical accuracy in the performance of Mozart's piano concertos. 'We have, fortunately, got over the aberration which sometimes caused us to play the later Mozart concertos on a harpsichord: but we have fallen into the opposite error in playing them on a modern grand, and at the same time reducing the orchestral strength. It is pretty safe to assume that Mozart knew the quality of all the best pianos of his time, and the technique which he embodies in his concertos was probably a reflection of an ideal piano based on this experience. But, in terms of volume, not one of the Erards or Broadwoods or Steins of his time would compete with a modern piano. . . . A Mozart Stein would probably fall apart under the impact of a full chord of double octaves from a modern Steinway—and yet we invoke chimerical arguments about historical accuracy to cut down the orchestra, and make no bones at all about the Steinways! Surely there is an absurdity here. And even if the craze for accuracy were carried to its logical limit, if bees of amateurs set to work making imitation Steins (and old eight-keyed bassoons to go with them)—even then, we should need to hear these concertos, on the recreated instruments, in rooms far smaller than the Town Halls of Sydney and Melbourne. (In fact we might as well, to complete the picture, doff silks and perruques, loll at ease in gilt chairs, and converse amiably during the whole performance; this would give us true accuracy, even if we hardly heard a note of music.) If words fail to convince, I am confident that one performance of a great concerto, with full orchestra, would be an irresistible argument for ending this miserable practice. It can be done in a few instances with the gramophone, and is worth trying. But if it were to be realised in the flesh, I for one would not begrudge the modern virtuoso the rest of his airs and graces.'

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PATRICK WHITE:
The Tree of Man
Eyre & Spottiswoode. London.

It is the theme of Mr Patrick White's novel that, some time during life, each man finds within himself a potentiality for fruition as a personality—in what manner he may not know properly; half life may pass before he is even aware of it. But in realizing what is within himself, he also realizes that he cannot fulfil it. Man's life and man's capacity does not contain enough for the consummation of his part as man. He must pass it on to another life, another branch of the tree of man. But, as the first man has been incomplete, so also will he be to whom the potentiality is given.

Each contributes a share until, life unsatisfied, he hands that share to somebody else to use, knowing that like the watcher in Housman's poem —which provides this novel's title— he will be with the Roman and his trouble, ashes under some Uricon.

That is the mystique that gives Mr White's long, straggling story some kind of unity.

About sixty years ago, a young man named Stan Parker came to wild country not very far from Sydney. He came looking for a place of permanence, to satisfy the desire to stay put. He felt no inner compulsion to conquer the wilderness and so far, mystery was not his personal concern, doubts were still faint echoes.

After a time he married—more for the need of a wife and a companion than through the urgencies of passion or love. The couple made a farm, holding isolation briefly until other families came to settle in the district. The motion of life was slow—it gathered and gave them and their surroundings a personality which was made up of the sum of little things. Bit by bit, trivialities attached themselves to their lives—the excrescence of many todays, filled with a promise of a fruitful tomorrow.

During these casual years, the Parkers began to see their potentialities. Stan Parker wanted to look into the secrets of the world, to understand them and to build out of that understanding—he was Adam after the Fall. The giving of love—sexual and maternal—was the great need of Amy Parker. Wishing to give and surrender completely body and mind, she was the potential Eve, wife and mother.

Into this life of small things came crises—fire, flood, birth, death, war. Each of them is a landmark in the progress of the story; each is part of the development of the theme of the novel. The flood which overwhelmed the town close to the Parkers' farm is part of the progress, part of the development. Parker went to the town to help those afflicted by the flood, his wife, curiosity-filled, to look on. In the town they found a lost child, apparently orphaned. The boy ran way when they tried to give him a home, but he left behind him a piece of coloured glass which he had found in a flooded church. Amy Parker identified the piece of glass with the love she had wanted to give to the boy but which had been refused—the love-giving which is her gale of life. This is a good example of how, throughout the novel, Mr White gives to people and to things a symbolism fitting into his thematic structure.

Two children are born to the Parkers, a boy and a girl. They try to hand their potentialities to their children—the woman, her love; the man, his desire to make and understand. But there is no flowering on this first branching of their lives—the son is a destroyer: the daughter, without the capacity for love, is barren and cold.

Parker made his final gesture of giving when he tried to help his son in a time of trouble; he failed to help and he accepted this as that which should be. His wife's search for the giving of love caused her casual middle-aged adultery: it was *her* final gesture, a last clutching before the capacity for passion was taken away. The couple discovered the failure of their lives for each other: in this mutual discovery they came to understand that personal failure was inevitable. Age came to them slowly. Still slower, they saw a reason for their lives, a growth on their tree of man. The potentiality which had been in them was passed on to their grandson; though a child, he possessed a meaning and a power for them. In him, Amy Parker saw 'her own obscure, mysterious life would grow transparent at last'. To Stan Parker, the little boy 'was what little he knew about his son'.

Through the years Amy Parker had kept the piece of glass left by the lost child she had tried to love. She gives this to her grandson. Young Ray is the second branching from their bodies, the person capable at last of understanding and loving more than they. When she hands him the glass, she hands him the life of herself and her husband. Understanding could never be known completely but both of them 'begin to see in the depths of their eyes that even their failures were necessary'.

It is enough. Incompleteness has been given to another. Life may end. Stan Parker dies, his grandson half-knowing what the death means to him. 'In the end there were the trees. The boy walking through them with his head drooping as he increased in stature. Putting out shoots of green thoughts. So that, in the end, there was no end.'

The novel is built on and around Mr White's style. It is transparent, sharp, prismatic. At its best, it is beautiful, catching, transforming and reflecting life, changing and colouring the crude and the ugly. But a prism can distort: occasionally the brief sentence structure breaks down; words lose meaning, inferences lose clarity.

This is also present in the plot and character structure; there is sometimes a heightening, sometimes a distorting of truth. The totality of the novel is made piece by piece. It is a totality, although we wonder on the way at times if we will ever get there.

Mr White is not a realist—he does not give a photographer's picture of life, but that of the artist. He softens a feature here, blocks another one out altogether, puts in a highlight somewhere else. His completed image is made from isolated parts—we cannot see its proper shape until the whole is completed. At times, the incidents of the plot appear disjointed, lacking form and direction; some parts seem to be overemphasized, others lack credibility. I find it hard to believe in Amy's adultery: she had the capacity and opportunity for infidelity throughout her life, but did not act till very late in life. In such incidents, Mr White's theme has overcome the truth of his plot.

Nevertheless, the novelist does not have to show life as it is—that is the function of the journalist. This novelist looks at life from a certain perspective; the angle of his vision determines the picture that he sees.

Patrick Coady

EDMUND WILSON:
The Scrolls from the Dead Sea
W. H. Allan. London.

Wilson's book exploits to the full the exciting potentialities of its theme. The story goes back to the spring of 1947, when some Bedouin boys discovered in a cave on the north-west corner of the Dead Sea a number of manuscripts. These had been wrapped in linen, coated with pitch and securely deposited in earthenware jars. With the confident art of a master journalist Mr Wilson unfolds the complicated movements in the drama which follows:

the initial incredulity of the scholars; their final astounding verdict which sets us a thousand years nearer the original Old Testament manuscripts; the discovery of a Jewish religious sect which had settled by the Dead Sea in a monastery not far from the first cave; the decipherment of important non-Biblical works connected with this sect; the discovery of more and still more manuscripts in the other caves of the region. The reviewer has tried to keep in touch with all that concerns the Dead Sea Scrolls and their history, and he has found nothing so clear and finely done as the story, here presented, of the complicated drama in which the discovery of the Scrolls is set.

As a journalist, then, Mr Wilson is excellent. But as an interpreter of the Scrolls, despite the Hebrew with which the book-cover credits him, he leaves much, very much, to be desired. It is precisely his qualities as a journalist, useful in themselves, which run away with him. He must find tensions, crises, sensations, spiritual dynamite. A bluff rationalist, he makes a naïve act of faith in the objective nature of his own views, and darkly hints that any believing Christian cannot really be objective in his approach to the study of the Scrolls. He himself hopes to extract from the sectarian documents evidence for an opinion he has already formed, that the Christian religion is not unique. Following his favourite expert, a fellow rationalist, M. Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne, he lists striking similarities between the literature of the Jewish sect of Qumran and the documents of the New Testament. Since the New Testament of the Christians comes later, must not one conclude, he urges, that there has been a wholesale borrowing?

Christian scholars are perfectly aware of the similarities between the two literatures; far from being in the state of panic which Mr Wilson imagines, they are going ahead, distinguishing mere hypotheses from probable views, and both these from established fact. In addition, according to Père de Vaux, not half the total evidence has yet been revealed.

Despite the bright alertness of his style, the author is persistently obscure when he comes to the work of interpretation. The scientific evaluation of evidence gives way to a series of hints. He suggests rather than asserts that the Christian religion springs, in its essential elements, from the Qumran sect. He tries to find Christian Baptism, the Eucharist, other Christian beliefs and practices in the monastery by the Dead Sea. Even Christ Himself is anticipated in the person of the sectarian hero, the Teacher of Righteousness. The following vague sentence, with its picturesque description, is typical: 'The monastery, this structure of stone that endures, between the bitter waters and the precipitous cliffs, with its oven and its inkwells, its mill and its cesspool, its constellation of sacred fonts and the unadorned graves of its dead, is perhaps, more than Bethlehem or Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity' (p. 129). He has not produced, he never produces, any solid argument to prove this assertion; doubtless he feels that the addition of the word 'perhaps' absolves him from such a laborious task.

This is not to deny that qualified scholars are exploring the possibilities of a real literary and even doctrinal link between the sectarians and the writers of the New Testament. Of course, much of the similarity derives from their common ancestry in the Old Testament. But, in addition, one cannot exclude from the New Testament real borrowings from the literature of Qumran. These are to be determined by patient analysis and comparison of all the evidence.

Let us consider, for a moment, the real foundation of the writer's interpretation. Can a believing

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Christian be objective in considering historical and other questions connected with his religion? Both the believer and the unbeliever take up positions which, subjectively, they consider reasonable. Mr Wilson's view that Christian faith is an obstacle in judging the evidence of such matters as the Dead Sea Scrolls is a bland assumption that he, the rationalist, is right. It has the value of Mr Wilson's personal penetration of things theological, no more. The real core of his book is the chapter significantly entitled 'What would Renan have said?' Now Renan, like M. Dupont-Sommer, abandoned the priesthood and adopted the life of *un pur savant*. Although a fine Semitic scholar, he is mainly remembered for his *Vie de Jésus*, an artistic and somewhat sentimental work which enjoyed great popularity. He borrowed largely from the German rationalist Strauss, and tried vainly to steer a middle course between the sheerly mythical explanation of the gospels and the traditional approach. Fundamentally he agreed with Strauss in rejecting the possibility of the miraculous and the supernatural.

It should be fairly clear, then, where Mr Wilson stands. He stands with Renan and Dupont-Sommer. He would, no doubt, like to be regarded as *un pur savant*. Thus the reader is not surprised by the eulogies bestowed on a certain Mr Flusser, whom the author joined at the bar of the King David Hotel in a toast to the true Holy Spirit 'that humanity carries with it' (p. 108). Mr Flusser proposed a genealogy in the doctrine of election, which begins with the Teacher of Righteousness and passes through Paul, Spinoza, Calvin and Hegel to Marx. Again the reader is not surprised when Mr Wilson tacitly applauds.

Would not one be justified in levelling at Mr Wilson the very same criticism which he brings against scholars 'committed' to the Christian faith? Why is he so interested in 'what Renan would have said'? Why does he make his own the interpretation of Dupont-Sommer? Why does he pass by the work of competent scholars like de Vaux, Burrows, Cross, whose conclusions, though less sensational, are based on personal work on the Scrolls themselves? Has Mr Wilson the technical ability to judge the work of the experts, work of the most delicate and complicated nature? Obviously not, despite his studies in Hebrew. One could suggest two reasons which have led him, perhaps unconsciously, to adopt the views he expresses in his book. Neither reason has anything to do with the Dead Sea Scrolls. First of all, in Dupont-Sommer, his main authority, he has not so much an expert in Semitic knowledge as *un pur savant* who appeals to him; both have little time for 'dogma and revelation'. If traditional Christianity can be made to totter by a boldly conceived theory of the Scrolls, all the better. Secondly, the sober account by scholars working on the spot provides but tame stuff for an enterprising journalist impatient for dramatic and apocalyptic results.

Since the appearance of his book, Mr Wilson has written an article, 'More on the Dead Sea Scrolls', in the May issue of *Encounter*. He again underlines the different approach to the problems of the Scrolls adopted by the believing Christian and the rationalist. He reviews a book by Dr Burrows on the Scrolls, but finds unsatisfactory the admission that 'after studying the Dead Sea Scrolls for seven years, I do not find my understanding of the New Testament substantially affected.' But then, Dr Burrows is committed to Christianity as a Presbyterian minister!

Mention is made too of the statements delivered over the air and in the press by Dr John Allegro, who definitely allied himself with the more extreme views of Dupont-Sommer. The opinion of this immature scholar was strongly repudiated by the five

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ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES

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experts working at the moment on the Scrolls in Jerusalem. But again, four of these were Catholic priests! It does not seem to matter much to Mr Wilson that among these was Père de Vaux, acknowledged by the author himself as one of the two leading experts on the Scrolls. Nor does he mention that the other leading expert, Professor Rowley, castigated in very severe language, not the impiety, but the unscholarly sensationalism of his former pupil. Does the fact that he is a devout Christian and a practising Baptist deprive the views of Professor Rowley of all force?

Mr Wilson obviously enjoys making the assertion that Dupont-Sommer 'sent shudders through the learned world by discovering in the Dead Sea texts the language and conceptions of Christian doctrine and a prefiguration of the rôle of Jesus'. I presume one may include Père de Vaux in the 'learned world'; yet one looks in vain for the least sign of shudders in the balanced account of Dupont-Sommer's second book which comes from his pen in the *Revue Biblique*, 1953. De Vaux has considerable praise for the book, and notes that Dupont-Sommer's conclusions on the relationships between the Qumran sect and Christianity are much more carefully worded in this work than in his first book. In fact, after reading Mr Wilson's version, one would be rather surprised to learn of Dupont-Sommer's final conclusions: that there is no direct . derivation of Christianity from the Essenes, who are generally accepted as forming the Qumran sect; that the creative originality of Christianity cannot be denied; that there are many essential differences in role and character between Christ and the Teacher of Righteousness. Obviously the more imaginative reconstructions of Dupont-Sommer's *first* book are more to the taste of Mr Wilson than the considered conclusions of the same author's later work; which only serves to reinforce the impression that Mr Wilson, for all his exuberance and self-confidence, is quite unfitted for the task of presenting objectively the evidence derived from the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

William Dalton, S. J.

DAVID SELBY:
Hell and High Fever
Currawong Publishing Co. Sydney.

In 1943, I spent two or three uncomfortable days encamped with several of my section in a ruined plantation homestead at Drina, on the wild coastline of New Britain, near Jacquinot Bay. We were landed there and taken off by an Australian corvette, and our purpose was to make a recce. of a Japanese air strip in the vicinity. I could not know at the time, as we sat listening to the driving rain lash the rotted timbers of the house, that we were the second party of Australians to shelter there; two years before our advent, a band of fugitives from the debacle of Rabaul, a couple of hundred miles up the coast, had lain on those same boards, and, as we did, had scoured the surrounding jungle and plantation for whatever food they might lay their hands on.

The story of that indestructible party is told—simply, terribly, without hate or heroics—in *Hell and High Fever*, written by David Selby. It is one of those significant yet unassuming publications from which later generations of Australians will piece together the full story of Australian participation in the war of the South-West Pacific.

Opening in the palmy days before the intervention of the Japanese in the war, Mr Selby sets his scene in Rabaul, and sketches in swiftly, expertly and sometimes with considerable humour, the life of the town and of his small 'Choco' anti-aircraft battery. This is merely a prelude to the mounting offensive by the Japanese against Rabaul, the short

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THE SOVIET ECONOMY

The first of a series of booklets arising out of the Milan Conference of 1955 on "The Future of Freedom". Contributors include Raymond Aron, Colin Clark, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Edward Shils, Peter Wiles and Bertram D. Wolfe.
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action in defence and the subsequent unorganized withdrawal—all of which is dealt with, as is proper in a narrative of this kind, from the personal experience of the writer. However, sufficient of the hopelessly inadequate nature of preparation for the defence and for the subsequent withdrawal comes through in the personal narrative to make the blood boil, even at this distance from the event. The final fatuous order: '*There shall be no withdrawal*', carried no ring of heroism, except that it committed the remnants of the force to a situation in which heroism was to be their only armour; it was merely the last ghastly comment on an inexplicable political policy of 'too little, too late'.

One feels that if the military prescience of the High Command of the time had anything like the quality of the men thus so thoughtlessly thrown on to the scrap-heap, one of the least edifying chapters in the story of Australians at war might well have been differently written.

The main body of the book is concerned with the flight of the author and a group of companions from Rabaul; over precipitous mountains, through jungles and swift rivers; starved, riddled with sickness, pursued by fear, in danger of betrayal by natives not naturally treacherous, as Selby himself admits, but bewildered to see the omnipotent White Mastas hunted like animals through the country they had so recently controlled; spurred on, when so many gave themselves up to massacre and degradation, by a fanatic determination to remain free—and with no hint of preciousness here—by the strong conviction that in their extremity, a number of times they were saved by Divine intervention.

In form, therefore, the book is purely documentary, a chronicle of events with no pretensions to the more intricate and demanding form of the novel. It is, like so many of the best records to come out of this war, a story by a man whose normal trade is not that of writing and who possibly might never write another book, but who was so stirred by what he saw and experienced that he felt he should tell somebody about it. That he did tell somebody has considerably enriched our picture of Australian soldiers in action—not, as usually, in the bright light of triumphant warfare, but in the soul-destroying anxieties of bitter defeat and flight. In Mr Selby's hands, they shine just as brightly.

Inescapably, something more than the bald story emerges as it becomes imbued with the characters of the men who took part in it—of Father Harris, a young missionary, and Mrs Janke, the heroic wife of an interned German planter; of a German missionary who refused the fugitives the most elementary hospitality—perhaps because his strange choice of reading contained a book called *Japan Unser Vaterland;* of natives good and bad, and of the men of Selby's little company who endured such frightful privations and, some of them, died before the day of deliverance; and, of course, of Selby himself—a conscientious, resourceful, compassionate man, a bit of a fusspot who could yet shoot a treacherous native without turning a hair.

The story is told without bitterness, which is rather surprising considering what the writer went through to collect it. There is no attempt at political or psychological theorizing, which adds greatly to the quiet impact of the book. Mr Selby describes plainly and graphically what he saw, and in doing so has painted some vivid and memorable pictures of places and people. If there is a criticism to offer, it is that so very often one is led to the brink of an incident which in itself would make an enthralling story, and then is dragged past in the wake of a group of exhausted figures toiling up a mountain slope on their way to freedom.

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Two Anthologies

JUDITH WRIGHT (EDITOR):
A Book of Australian Verse
Oxford University Press. Melbourne.

R. CHAPMAN AND J. BENNET:
An Anthology of New Zealand Verse
Oxford University Press. Melbourne.

Anthologies of Australasian verse are rarities; one tends to await each one that appears with rather too eager an expectation. Perhaps that is why Judith Wright's anthology is such a crashing disappointment, though one could hardly have foreseen that this often impressive poetess would be so completely lacking in editorial perception or flair. On the other hand, one cannot blame the editors for the dismal book called *An Anthology of New Zealand Verse*. It seems that almost nobody has written verse of quality in New Zealand, really.

The book of Australian verse could perhaps be ignored as a rather pathetic failure were it not for the fact that it is the first for many years to attempt the presentation to overseas audiences of the poetic scene here. The first step in preparing such an anthology should of course have been to jettison those drab and slushy verses which have vitiated so many of such books before: if Brennan, Baylebridge and the alarming 'E' had to be represented, it would have been better to have put just one successful poem in by each than to take great spoonfuls of 'lyrical' molasses and slop them all over these neat Cr. 8vo pages. Brennan we know to have written with elemental force and a tremendous sense of Australian loneliness; from the simpering ditties Miss Wright has resuscitated one would think him a sort of awful masculine Patience Strong babbling about love in a dell. Baylebridge's badly-scanning and pedestrian sonnets jostle here with something by Will Dyson that commences:

There is no soft beatitude in Death
Death is but Death

a sentiment which would have appealed to the editors of my favourite anthology, *The Stuffed Owl*.

However this is underbrush that has been sufficiently thrashed already; it is when we turn to the treatment of contemporaries that the boggling starts in real earnest. A. D. Hope is represented by two poems, one of them that hackneyed smack at the Antipodes which he sensibly left out of his recent collection, while Ray Mathew gets four poems in, David Campbell six, and the lady editor seven—which is one more than any still active poet in the book! Inglis Moore, Lex Banning and Vivian Smith are ignored, and Nan McDonald just scrapes in with one, as do John Thompson, Harold Stewart and Nancy Keesing. Rosemary Dobson is represented in her worst chatty style; her exquisite poems about paintings and ornamental landscapes are completely unacknowledged by the selection here. Roland Robinson is represented away from his firmly rooted and powerful feeling for the outback; the poems here are in his less successful 'delicate' mood. One could go on cataloguing the failures of this collection, and bemoan interminably the false impression it gives that Australian poetry is still bogged down with the fairy footprints of the Georgians, but instead perhaps one should cling to its meagre successes: a justified tribute to Slessor, Manifold's fine 'The Tomb of St John Learmouth' and one or two poems by Kenneth Mackenzie rescued from oblivion.

The New Zealand anthology, edited with immense scholarship which has unearthed the source of every poem in such things as *The Lyttelton Times*, provides a depressing experience for those who can struggle, as I just succeeded in doing, through its 341 pages. There are, however, moments of comic relief in a poet

called Denis Glover, who is represented by nineteen poems of such monumental silliness that one feels some immensely serious American should come and write a treatise on them. 'The Magpies', read aloud to friends on a winter evening, has been known to cause near-hospitalization for those with a sense of the grotesquely funny. Mr Glover's only competitor is someone by the name of Mason, whose style can be gauged from the following extract:

Judas Iscariot
sat in the upper
room with the others
at the last supper

And sitting there smiled
up at his master
whom he knew the morrow
would roll in disaster.

Happily, there are moments in this book that one can treasure for other than the wrong reasons: Ruth Dallas, in particular, seems sincere and sensible, and Robin Hyde, who died much too early in 1939, had a very interesting sharpness and lack of ostentation. But the rest—either bleating or blatant—is not really for critical eyes at all. *Charles Higham*

DAVID CAMPBELL:
The Miracle of Mullion Hill
Angus & Robertson. Sydney.

The ideal that lies behind David Campbell's poetry, and is realized in it with varying degrees of success, is of a poetic speech which is relaxed and flexible, informal, decently sociable, sensuous in an immediate but unemphatic way, while remaining capable of lyrical precision and economy, and height and depth of meaning.

The danger is that the verse will fall too loose, the easy phrasing fail to bring all the subject with it. But the best poems surmount the danger and give us something unusually good and genuine. In the very best poems there is even a metaphysical quality arising from sheer intensity of awareness of being; and an exhilaration, which is as rare today as it is healthy and proper:

As I was going through Windy Gap
A hawk and a cloud hung over the map.
The land lay bare and the wind blew loud
And the hawk cried out from the heart of the cloud. . .

And it seemed to me as we travelled through
That my sheep were the notes that trumpet blew.
And so I sing this song of praise
For travelling sheep and blowing days.

This special quality crops out even in unlikely places, as when at the end of an otherwise wholly dispensable poem, the poet mentions the pallid cuckoo:

And the cuckoo will not tell,
Whose note is silence in a shell.

The range of the lyrical poems is quite wide, although there is a sameness of feel and imagery in the verse. The reflective poem 'The Beggars' has a Yeatsian cast:

He has luck who can
Follow temperate streams of blood
Through a chequered fallow land
And where his father stood,
Leave his shadow on the plan.

Blessed if beneath
The grey towers of the mind
Dreaming where the coloured light
Weaves its web, he find
Satisfaction for his death.

'Who Points the Swallow?' is very finely and meditatively lyrical:

Love who points the swallow home
And scarves the russet at his throat,
Dreaming in the needle's eye,
Guide us through the maze of glass
Where the forceful cannot pass,
With your silent clarity.

Campbell's sensibility is completely adapted to the Australian scene. In 'The End of Exploring' his local landscape naturally provides the symbols of limitation and stationary content on the one hand and perilous aspiration on the other:

The shed is slabbed with shimmer.
Fence-posts go
Hill-high for shadows. Ben's on his
bright chain:
And it's the dog's limit, the green
cock's strain;
And the road lies hard and open
towards the snow.

But who go? The time waits deep for
summer
With the grain, for the ringed shade and
sheep
Cropping the silence while the swagmen
sleep,
Though on the height the ice-etched
symbols glimmer.

And the road? Go then; and smothered
in the snow
Or on the violet ridge, where the ice-
trees burn,
Trust to your lucky heart you may return
With love to dog-bark, gate, and sweet
cock-crow.

Another remarkable lyric evokes the snow country with its snow-gums:

The powdered bloom along the bough
Wavers like a candle's breath;
Where snow falls softly into snow
Iris and rivers have their birth.

Half of the book is, however, taken up with Campbell's recent experiments in narrative. He is trying to wed the Australian popular narrative tradition to the more formal and civilized art of the amusing verse-tale or fabliau as practised by Matthew Prior. There are some good incidental patches in these narratives but taken as a whole they don't come off. The stories are not good enough, the tone uncertain. Australia has not the firm traditions, high or low, which would help to guide and control these ventures in rural and urban fable, and give them more meaning and application, so that the poet has to work harder himself to supply the missing rightness and relevance. It is worth a try, certainly, and one is sorry not to be able to commend the results without reservation.

James McAuley

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MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER:
The Decisive Battles of the Western World. Volume 3

Eyre & Spottiswoode. London.

April 6, 1917, is not usually ringed with black in historians' calendars but in Major-General Fuller's unfashionably cool appraisal of the bloody history of our times it was 'the blackest of all days in modern European history'. It was on that spring day that America entered the first of the world wars. General Fuller believes that it was American intervention in both world wars that wrecked whatever possibility there had been of saving Western civilization.

This theme runs through the third volume of this most eminent military historian's summary of the Western world's various experiments in using war as another means of carrying out diplomacy. From this point of view (central in all three volumes) he regards both world wars as 'absurdities'. 'To be a sane political instrument, war demands a sane political end.'

In his case against Wilson, General Fuller says that without Wilson's intervention peace might have been negotiated early in 1917, probably just in time to prevent the social cataclysms that made Bolshevism and (later) Nazism possible, certainly in time to save a million Allied lives. And without Wilson's unequivocal war-prolonging surrender terms tottering governments might have been propped up and the world saved some of the more dangerous idiocies of 'self-determination'. For (says General Fuller) 'of the many changes which germinated in the war, probably the most ominous was that . . . the war *did* make the world safe for democracy. . . . From 1918 on the emotions of mass-man were to dominate human relations.'

'War will overturn the world we have known,' said Wilson himself. 'If we join with the Allies we shall lose our heads along with the rest. Germany will be beaten so badly that there will be a dictated peace, a victorious peace.' Wilson—pushed into the war by mass agitation—said this privately the day before he publicly asked Congress to declare war on Germany!

But it is against Roosevelt that General Fuller mounts his more detailed barrage. Without Roosevelt's intervention from Lend-Lease onwards the Nazi and Bolshevik tyrannies would have so mutilated each other that a subsequent intervention might have been merely a quick *coup de grâce* to put the enfeebled victor out of his agony; without Roosevelt's 'fatuous' unconditional surrender policy peace with Italy would have been concluded more quickly and effectively; peace with Germany might have been concluded without the final holocaust; and peace with Japan could have been negotiated about the time of the German collapse. As it was, Roosevelt 'instead of liberating Europe . . . brought half the world under the servitude of Moscow'.

General Fuller repeats the now familiar evidence against Roosevelt that, backed by some of his more dubious advisers, he recklessly handed large parts of the world over to the Soviet because, in his vanity, he believed that the combination of *noblesse oblige* and his magnetic personality would win over 'Uncle Joe'. He also repeats the not yet sufficiently familiar evidence that Roosevelt deliberately provoked the Japanese into attacking America, even to the point of remaining relatively weak in the Pacific. 'Like Mahomed II, "peace was on his lips, but war was in his heart".'

D. R. Horne

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